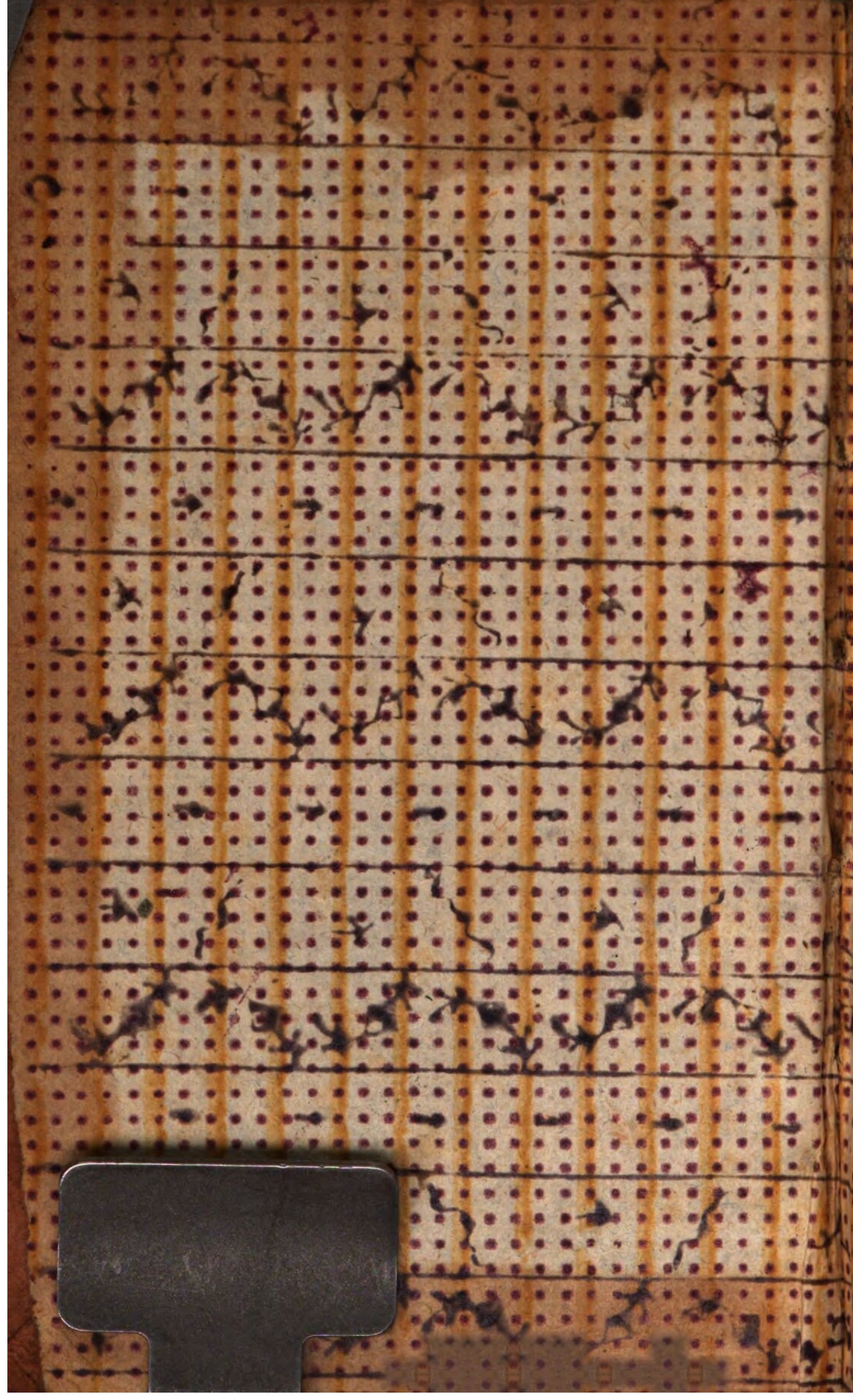






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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON

Y. O. L. E.

JOHN MILTON

PRINTED FOR J. C. HARRISON

1784

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON.

VOL. II.

GOTTINGEN,
PRINTED FOR I. C. DIETERICH.

1784.



Sir Jos. Reynolds pinx.

J. G. Sturt sc.

THE
WORKS

OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

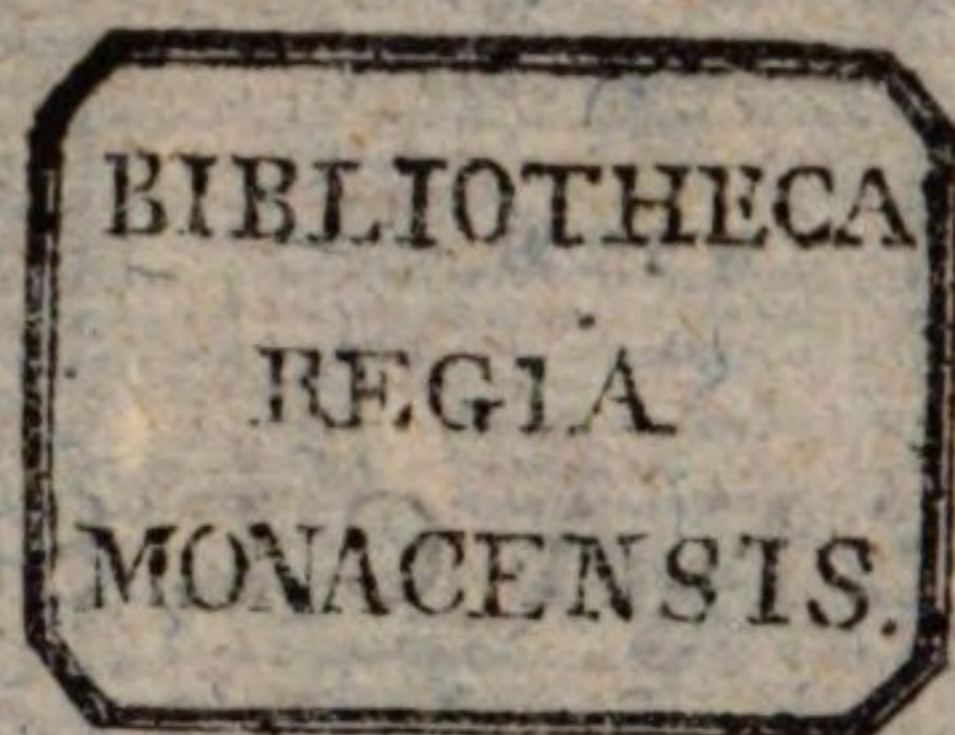
WITH
PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

GOTTINGEN,
PRINTED FOR I. C. DIETERICH.

MDCCLXXXIV.



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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.

VOL. II.

A

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I Who ere while the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spi'rit who ledst this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song else mute,
And bear through highth or depth of nature's bounds
With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclamer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd.

To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
 Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptist soon 25
 Descry'd divinely warn'd, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his heav'nly office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
 The Spi'rit descended, while the Father's voice
 From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.
 That heard the Adversary, who, roving still
 About the world, at that assembly fam'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
 Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
 Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
 With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
 Flies to his place, nor rests but in mid air
 To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
 Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
 A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
 With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient Pow'rs of air and this wide world,
 For much more willingly I mention air, 45
 This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
 Our hated habitation; well ye know
 How many ages, as the years of men,
 This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
 In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, 50
 Since Adam and his facil consort Eve
 Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
 Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n 55
 Delay, for longest time to him is short;

And

And now too soon for us the circling hours
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
At least if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
In this fair empire won on earth and air;
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born: 65
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet, to proclame 70
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honor as their king; all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
And out of Heav'n the sov'ran voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd. 85
His mother then is mortal, but his fire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven,
And what will he not do to advance his Son?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,

When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst; sole undertook 100
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd
Successfully; a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once
Induces best to hope of like success. 105

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then
For long indulgence to their fears or grief: 110
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprize
To him their great dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march 115
From Hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,
Regents and potentates, and kings, yea Gods
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide,
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,
This man of men, attested Son of God,

Temptation

Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd
 To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd: 125
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd
 The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd
 Of the most High, who in full frequence bright
 Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold, 130
 Thou and all Angels conversant on earth
 With man or mens affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son 135
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;
 Then toldst her doubting how these things could be
 To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost, and the pow'r of the Highest
 O'er-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown,
 To show him worthy of his birth divine 141
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
 Of his apostasy; he might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a man 150
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean 155

To exercise him in the wilderness,
There he shall first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance: 160
His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,
They now, and men hereafter may discern,
From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,
To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father; and all Heaven
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles, 175
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell, 180
And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,
Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his God-like office now mature,

One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
With solitude, till far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
His holy meditations thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd! 200
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote truth, 205
All righteous things: therefore above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that ere yet my age
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast 210
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own;
And was admir'd by all: yet this not all
To which my spi'rit aspir'd; victorious deeds 215
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd: 220
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul
 Not wilfully mis-doing, but unware 225
 Missed; the stubborn only to subdue.
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth inly rejoic'd,
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts
 O Son, but nourish them and let them soar 230
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them, though above example high;
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
 Thy father is th' eternal King who rules
 All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and Sons of men;
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin, he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne, 240
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the Messiah now was born 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room:
 A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing
 Guided the wise men thither from the east, 250
 To honor thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heaven,
 By which they knew the king of Israel born.

Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255
 By vision, found thee in the temple', and spake
 Before the altar and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.
 This having heard, strait I again resolv'd
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ 260
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before Messiah and his way prepare,
 I as all others to his baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he
 Strait knew me, and with loudest voice praclam'd 275
 Me him (for it was shown him so from Heaven)
 Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spi'rit descended on me like a dove,
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,

But openly begin, as best becomes
Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.
And now by some strong motion I am led 290
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.

So spake our Morning star then in his rise,
And looking round on every side beheld 295
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.

Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild, 310
Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.

But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe, 315
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake. 320

Sir,

Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan? for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drouth. 325
 I ask the rather, and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
 Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son
 Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far)
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
 What happens new; fame also finds us out.

To whom the Son of God. Who brought me hither,
 Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek. 336

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
 What other way I see not, for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
 More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340
 Men to much misery and hardship born;
 But if thou be the Son of God, command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd.
 Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
 Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
 And forty days Elijah without food

Wander'd

Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:

Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355

Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undif-

'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate, [guis'd.

Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt

Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360

With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,

Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd

By rigor unconniving, but that oft

Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy

Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365

Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.

I came among the sons of God, when he

Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370

And when to all his Angels he propos'd

To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud

That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,

I undertook that office, and the tongues

Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies 375

To his destruction, as I had in charge,

For what he bids I do: though I have lost

Much lustre of my native brightness, loit

To be belov'd of God, I have not lost

To love, at least contemplate and admire 380

What I see excellent in good, or fair,

Or virtuous, I should so have loit all sense.

What can be then less in me than desire

To see thee and approach thee, whom I know

Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385

Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?

Men

Men generally think me much a foe
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me
 Never did wrong or violence; by them
 I lost not what I lost, rather by them 590
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the world,
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents; and dreams, 395
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe.
 At first it may be; but long since with woe
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more, 405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd.
 Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'st indeed, 410
 As a poor miserable captive thrall
 Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the prime in splendor, now depos'd,
 Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415
 To all the host of Heav'n: the happy place
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,

So never more in Hell than when in Heaven, 420
 But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
 Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
 What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him 425
 With all inflictions? but his patience won.
 The other service was thy chosen task,
 To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles 430
 By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
 But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
 And not well understood as good not known?
 Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
 For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
 To thy delusions; justly since they fell
 Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
 Among them to declare his providence 445
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
 But from him or his Angels president
 In every province? who themselves disdaining
 T' adproach thy temples, give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
 To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;

Then

Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living oracle 460
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend, 465
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me: where 470
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord; 475
 From thee I can and must submit indure
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, though I despair to' attain. 485

Thy father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st 495
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade 500
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.

SECOND BOOK

PARADISE REGAINED

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
 With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once
 Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15
 And the great Thibite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho 20
 The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,

Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30
Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
Into perplexity and new amaze:

For whither is he gone, what accident
Hath wrapt him from us? will he now retire 40
After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress
Thy chosen, to what highth their pow'r unjust 45
They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of thee; arise and vindicate

Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have convers'd;
Let us be glad of this and all our fears
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
To find whom at the first they found unsought:

But

But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honor high 66
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
 Hail highly favor'd, among women blest!
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king; but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice; 85
 I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israël, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul 90
 A sword shall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high;

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent 95
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And say'ings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her son tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan with fly preface to return 115
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began. 120
Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
Without

Without new trouble; such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 130
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labor to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
 However to this man inferior far, 135
 If he be man by mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive you to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst 145
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th'old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamor was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissolute'st Spirit that fell, 150
 The sensuallest, and after Asinodai
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;
 Many are in each region passing fair, 155
 As the noon sky; more like to Goddeses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues

Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach, 160
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
 Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
 And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
 All others by thyself; because of old
 Thou thyself doar'd'st on womankind, admiring 175
 Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
 Before the flood thou with thy lussy crew,
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
 In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
 In valley or green meadow, to way-lay 185
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Aymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts

Delight

Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the east
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he furnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
How would one look from his majestic brow
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty stands 220
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore

Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
His constancy, with such as have more show
Of worth, of honor, glory', and popular praise;
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond; 230
And now I know he hungers where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclame; 235
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part; 240
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
After forty days fasting had remain'd,
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
Not tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,
Or God support nature without repast 250
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
But now I feel I hunger, which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,

Nor

Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungry more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh

Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet; 265

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks

Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn, [brought:
Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they

He saw the prophet also how he fled 270
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awak'd

He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,

And eat the second time after repose, 275
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,

Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark

Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song:
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose

Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.

Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;

But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw,
Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,

With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud; 290

Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High roost, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
 Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art) 295
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood Nymphs; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred, 300
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd:

With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know, 305
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing Angel; all the race 310
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heav'n Manna; and that Prophet bold
 Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou hence?
 They all had need, as I thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd.
 Tell me if food were now before thee set. 320
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal? said the subtle Fiend.

Hast

Hast thou not right to all created things?

Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325

Duty and service, not to stay till bid,

But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I

Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first

To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;

Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330

Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold

Nature asham'd, or better to express,

Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd

From all the elements her choicest store

To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord 335

With honor, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,

Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld

In ample space under the broadest shade

A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340

With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort

And favor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,

In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,

Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,

Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345

And exquisite name, for which was drain'd

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,

Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!

And at a stately side-board by the wine 350

That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood

Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue

Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more

Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood

Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355

With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,

And

And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells. 365
 Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure; 370
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are Spi'rits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.
 To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd.
 Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? 380
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant 385
 Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
 In vain, were no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have also pow'r to give, thou see'st;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite
With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home 415
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms:

What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne
(Thy throne), but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain, 430
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd.
Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial) canst thou not remember 445
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455
Than

Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears. 465
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480
Besides to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485
To gain a scepter, ofttest better miss'd.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles, 5
 With soothing words renew'd, - him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart 10
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old 15
 Infallible: or wert thou fought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battel, though against thy few in arms. 20
 These God-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected spi'rits, most temper'd pure

So never more in Hell than when in Heaven, 420
But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him 425
With all inflictions? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles 430
By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct
To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?
For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
To thy delusions; justly since they fell
Idolatrous: but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence 445
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his Angels president
In every province? who themselves disdaining
T' adroach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;

Then

Then to thyself ascrib'ft the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory fhall be foon retrench'd;
 No more fhalt thou by oracling abufe 455
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
 And thou no more with pomp and facrifice
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elfewhere,
 At leaft in vain, for they fhall find thee mute.
 God hath now fent his living oracle 460
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And fends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requifite for men to know.

So fpake our Saviour; but the fubtle Fiend, 465
 Though inly ftung with anger and difdain,
 Difsembled, and this anfwer fmooth return'd.

Sharply thou haft infifted on rebuke,
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrefted from me: where 470
 Eafily canft thou find one miserable,
 And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;
 If it may ftand him more in ftcad to lie,
 Say and unfay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord; 475
 From thee I can and muft fubmits indure
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'fcape fo quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleafing to th' ear,
 And tuneable as fylvan pipe or fong; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth? moft men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me
 To hear thee when I come (fince no man comes)
 And talk at leaft, though I defpair to' attain. 485

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Thy father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st 495
Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappear'd
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade 500
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

**THE
SECOND BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.**

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

PARADISE REGAINED

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K II.

MEAN while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
 At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
 And on that high authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
 Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
 With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
 And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to God, as once
 Moses was in the mount, and missing long; 15
 And the great Thibite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho 20
 The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
 On this' side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,

Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and plaints out breath'd.

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth;
 Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd;
 Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze:

For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath wrapt him from us? will he now retire 40
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation? God of Israël,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come;
 Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen, to what highth their pow'r unjust 45
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee; arise and vindicate

Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him, 50
 By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have convers'd;
 Let us be glad of this and all our fears
 Lay on his providence; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall, 55
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought:

But

But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O what avails me now that honor high 66
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute
 Hail highly favor'd, among women blest!
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other women, by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
 From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king; but now
 Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice; 85
 I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israël, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul 90
 A sword shall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high;

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent 95
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand; much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And say'ings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:
The while her son tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high:
For Satan with fly preface to return 115
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began. 120
Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,
Demonian Spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
Without

Without new trouble; such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 130
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
 Far other labor to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of Men,
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
 However to this man inferior far, 135
 If he be man by mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive you to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst 145
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th'old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamor was assur'd their utmost aid
 At his command; when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissolute'st Spirit that fell, 150
 The sensuallest, and after Asinodai
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;
 Many are in each region passing fair, 155
 As the noon sky; more like to Goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues.

Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach, 160
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to soft'n and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.
Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
And made him bow to the Gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd.
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself; because of old
Thou thyself doat'dst on womankind, admiring 175
Their shape, their color, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay 185
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
Satir, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts

Delight

Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the east
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he surnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full
Of honor, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
How would one look from his majestic brow
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe? for beauty stands 220
In th' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to' admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:
Therefore

Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honor, glory, and popular praise;
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond; 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaime; 235
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of Spirits likest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part; 240
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food
 Not tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast 250
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,

Nor

Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
Me hungry more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
Under the hospitable covert nigh

Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,

And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,

Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet; 265

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,

And saw the ravens with their horny beaks

Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn, [brought:

Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they

He saw the prophet also how he fled 270

Into the desert, and how there he slept

Under a juniper; then how awak'd

He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,

And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,

And eat the second time after repose, 275

The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;

Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,

Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark

Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280

The morn's approach, and greet her with his song:

As lightly from his grassy couch up rose

Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,

Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.

Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285

From whose high top to ken the prospect round,

If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;

But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw,

Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,

With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud; 290

Thither

Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene;
 Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art) 295
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of Wood-Gods and Wood Nymphs; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred, 300
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide
 Of all things destitute, and well I know, 305
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing Angel; all the race 310
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
 Rain'd from Heav'n Manna; and that Prophet bold
 Native of Thebez wand'ring here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou hence?
 They all had need, as I thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd.
 Tell me if food were now before thee set. 320
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
 Cause thy refusal? said the subtle Fiend.

Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I
Meats by the Law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold
Nature asham'd, or better to express,
Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord 335
With honor, only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade
A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And savor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Fresher, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And

And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, 360
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:

And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odors fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells. 365
 Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure; 370
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are Spi'rits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.
 To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd.

Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? 380
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant 385
 Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
 In vain, were no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.
That I have also pow'r to give, thou see'st;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil. With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite
With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home 415
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms:

What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne
(Thy throne), but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain, 430
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd.
Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
But men endued with these have oft attain'd
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy' of memorial) canst thou not remember 445
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance if not snare, more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455
Than

Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise,
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears. 465
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 470
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright, 475
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 480
Besides to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought, 485
To gain a scepter, ofttest better miss'd.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.

**THE
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OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.**

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAINED.

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 A while as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles, 5
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart 10
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old 15
 Infallible: or wert thou fought to deeds
 That might require th' array of war, thy skill
 Of conduct would be such, that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battel, though against thy few in arms. 20
 These God-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected spi'rits, most temper'd pure

Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest? 30
 Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd 35
 The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
 The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
 With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.
 To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd.
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
 For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The peoples praise, if always praise unmix'd?
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise?
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
 They praise, and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other;
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk, 55
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
 His lot who dares be singularly good,
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God, 60
 Looking

Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
 To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,
 When, to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
 He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job?
 Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame. 70
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
 Worshippt with temple, priest, and sacrifice;
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
 Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory ought of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence; 90
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance: I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience borne

Made famous in a land and times obscure;
 Who names not now with honor patient Job? 95
 Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory ought be done, 100
 Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his
 Who sent me', and thereby witness whence I am.
 To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.
 Think not so flight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory, 110
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven
 By all his Angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption; 115
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
 Glory' he requires, and glory he receives
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;
 From us his foes pronounc'd glory' he exacts. 120
 To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.
 And reason; since his word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul 125
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect
 Than

Than glory' and benediction, that is thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning that would likeliest render 130
 Contempt instead, dishonor, obloquy?
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence.
 But why should man seek glory, who' of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
 But condemnation, ignominy', and shame?
 Who for so many benefits receiv'd
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
 That which to God alone of right belongs;
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again 145
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy father David's throne;
 By mother's side thy father; though thy right
 Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155
 Easily from possession won with arms:
 Judæa now and all the promis'd land,
 Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd

With

With temp'rate sway; oft have they violated 160

The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,

Abominations rather, as did once

Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain

Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?

So did not Maccabeus: he indeed 165

Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;

And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,

That by strong hand his family obtain'd,

Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,

With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170

If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal

And duty; zeal and duty are not flow;

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

They themselves rather are occasion best,

Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175

Thy country from her Heathen servitude;

So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify

The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;

The happier reign the sooner it begins;

Reign then; what canst thou better do the while? 180

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.

All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,

And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:

If of my reign prophetic Writ hath told,

That it shall never end, so when begin 185

The Father in his purpose hath decreed,

He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.

What if he hath decreed that I shall first

Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,

By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190

Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,

Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,

Without

Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195
Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.

But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200

Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse? 205

For where no hope is left, is left no fear:

If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.

I would be at the worst; worst is my port,

My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210

The end I would attain, my final good.

My error was my error, and my crime

My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,

And will alike be punish'd, whether thou

Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow 215

Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,

From that placid aspect and meek regard,

Rather than aggravate my evil state,

Would stand between me and thy Father's ire

(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell) 220

A shelter and a kind of shading cool

Interposition, as a summer's cloud.

If I then to the worst that can be haste,

Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,

Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225

That

That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high;
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days
 Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd, 255
 Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left between
 Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:

Fertil of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
 Huge cities and high tow'r'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain top the Tempter brought 265
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270
 Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
 And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:

Here Nineveh, of length within her wall 275
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;

There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis

His city there thou seest, and Baetra there; 285
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;

There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings; of later fame
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 290

The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
 Artaxata,

Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
 By great Arfaces led, who founded first 295
 That empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host 300
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
 He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms, 305
 Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit;
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
 He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless 310
 The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops
 In coats of mail and military pride;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound; 315
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
 From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd.
 How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them shot
 Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
 Of

Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325

The field all iron cast a gleaming brown;

Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn

Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,

Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers

Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers 330

A multitude with spades and axes arm'd

To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,

Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay

With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;

Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335

And waggons fraught with utensils of war.

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,

When Agrican with all his northern powers

Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,

The city' of Gallaphrone, from whence to win 340

The fairest of her sex Angelica

His daughter, fought by many prowest knights,

Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.

Such and so numerous was their chivalry;

At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd, 345

And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage

Thy virtue, and not every way secure

On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark

To what end I have brought thee hither and shown 350

All this fair fight: thy kingdom though foretold

By prophet or by Angel, unless thou

Endavor, as thy father David did,

Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still

In all things, and all men, supposes means, 355

Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.

But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne

By free consent of all, none opposit,
 Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
 Between two such inclosing enemies
 Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy 365
 Thy country', and captive lead away her kings
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus bound,
 Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose;
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league. 370
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee
 In David's royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost
 Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear. 385
 To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragil arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou' hast set; and in my ear 390

Vented much policy, and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battels and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne: 395

My time I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come:

When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part ought endeavoring, or to need

Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400

Luggage of war there shown me, argument

Of human weakness rather than of strength.

My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes

I must deliver, if I mean to reign

David's true heir, and his full scepter sway 405

To just extent over all Israel's sons;

But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then

For Israel, or for David, or his throne,

When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride

Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives 410

Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites

By three days pestilence? such was thy zeal

To Israel then, the same that now to me.

As for those captive tribes, themselves were they

Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415

From God to worship calves, the deities

Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroath,

And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,

Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;

Nor in the land of their captivity 420

Humbled themselves, or penitent besought

The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd

Impenitent, and left a race behind

Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow'; and to their Gods perhaps
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440

So spake Israel's true king, and to the Fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
PARADISE REGAIN'D.

FOURTH BOOK

PARADISE REGAINED

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve, 5
 So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,
 This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
 To salve his credit, and for very spite,
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
 And never cease, though to his shame the more;
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time, 15
 About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end; 20
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er though desp'rate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.
 He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,

Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men 30
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
On' sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
Above the highth of mountains interpos'd:
By what strange parallax or optic skill 40
Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire:

And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth 45
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine, 50
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55
Houses of God, (so well I have dispos'd
My aery microscope) thou may'st behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60

Thence

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hast'ing, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power, 65
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
 Or embassies from regions far remote
 In various habits on the Appian road,
 Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
 Syene', and where the shadow both way falls, 70
 Meroe Nilotic ile, and more to west,
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;
 From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,
 From India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian ile Taprobané, 75
 Dusk faces with white filken turbants wreath'd;
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old, 90
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
 To Capreæ an iland small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there

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 Dusk faces with white filken turbants wreath'd;
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
 To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except, 85
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
 This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old, 90
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
 To Capreæ an iland small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there

His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favorite 95
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne 100
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power
 Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd
 Will be for thee no fitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophecy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst 120
 And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125
 Of th' emperor, how easily subdued,

How

How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster: what if I withal
 Expel a Devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out; 130
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That people victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the nations under yoke, 135
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapin; first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145
 Know therefore when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end:
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd.
 I see all offers made by me how slight 155
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:
 On th' other side know also thou, that I

On

On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain. 170
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
 Th' abominable terms, impious condition;
 But I indure the time, till which expir'd,
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
 For this attempt bolder than that on Eve, 180
 And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;
 Other donation none thou canst produce:
 If giv'n, by whom but by the king of kings, 185
 God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the giver now
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God, 190
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?

Get

Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd. 195
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
Though sons of God both Angels are and Men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honor left and more esteem;
Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more 210
Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the temple; there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught; the childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225
The

The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st; 230
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235
Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
City' or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 245
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view 250
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind

Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own. 260
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life; 265
 High actions; and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
 Shook th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece, 270
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne;
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Sirnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd. 285
 Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought; he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrin needs, though granted true; 290
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,

Conjectures,

Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits; 295
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, condemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life, 305
Which when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
An empty cloud. Howerer many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,

(And

(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? All our law and story strow'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
 That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their Deities, and their own 340
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their Gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
 Thin sown with ought of profit or delight, 345
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where God is prais'd aright, and God-like men,
 The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;
 Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee, 350
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature not in all quite lost.
 Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
 The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching

The solid rules of civil government
 In their majestic unaffected stile
 Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy', and keeps it so,
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
 These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now 365
 Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth nor honor, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor ought
 By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370

Or active, tended on by glory', or fame,
 What dost thou in this world? The wilderness
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee; yet remember
 What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause 375
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,

Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.

Now contrary, if I read ought in Heaven,
 Or Heav'n write ought of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows, and labors, opposition, hate

Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not, 390

Nor

Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So say'ing he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness 395

Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As day-light sunk, and brought in louring night
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day. 400

Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
After his aery jaunt, thought hurried fore,
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now

'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds 410
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
Fierce ran with lightning mix'd, water with fire
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds

Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415

On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,

O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terror there;

Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,

The solid rules of civil government
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O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420
Unshaken; nor yet itay'd the terror there;
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd 430
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green, 435
After a night of storm so ruinous,

Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440

The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.

Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven, 455
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,

Are

Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
 Yet as being oft times noxious where they light 460
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
 This tempest at this desert most was bent; 465
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'ft.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is no where told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
 For angels have proclam'd it, but concealing
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done, 475
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's scepter get fast hold; 480
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he while the Son of God went on
 And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485

Me worse than wet thou find'ft not; other harm
 Those terrors, which thou speak'ft of, did me none;
 I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
 And threatning nigh; what they can do as signs

Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn 490
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
 Ambitious Spi'rit, and wouldst be thought my God,
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swoln with rage reply'd.
 Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born; 500
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length
 Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field, 505
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510
 Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven
 Heard thee pronunc'd the Son of God belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was, I am; relation itands;
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And

And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant, and as a center, firm,
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good, 535
 Not more; for honors, riches, kingdoms, glory,
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again:
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,
 Another method I must now begin. 540

So say'ing he caught him up, and without wing
 Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers, 545
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
 There on the highest pinnacle he set
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn. 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright,
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee', and highest plac'd, highest is best,
 Now show thy progeny; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God: 555

For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels, in their hands
They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus; Also it is written, 560
Tempt not the Lord thy God; he said, and stood;
But Satan smitten with amazement fell,
As when earth's son Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irafia strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd, and fell;
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.
And as that Theban monster that propos'd
Her riddle', and him who solv'd it not, devour'd,
That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep; 575
So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God, 580
So Satan fell; and strait a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine,

Ambrosial

Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
 What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud. 595

True image of the Father, whether thron'd
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from Heaven, inshrin'd
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with God-like force indued
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old
 Thou didst debase, and down from Heaven cast 605
 With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent;
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer Paradise is founded now
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to re-install 615
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
 Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
 But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star
 Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down
 Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st

Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd
Shall chace thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail, Son of the most high, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

END OF PARADISE REGAIN'D.

P L A N S
O F
PARADISE LOST,
IN THE
FORM of a TRAGEDY.
FROM
MILTON'S MANUSCRIPT.

PARADISE LOST,

IN THE
FORM OF A TRAGEDY.

MILTON'S MANUSCRIPT.

From MILTON'S Manuscript.

The Persons.

Michael
 Heavenly Love
 Chorus of Angels
 Lucifer
 Adam } with the Serpent
 Eve }
 Conscience
 Death
 Labor
 Sickneſs
 Diſcontent } Mutes
 Ignorance }
 with others }
 Faith
 Hope
 Charity.

The Persons.

Mofes
 Divine Juſtice, Mercy, Wiſ-
 dom, Heavenly Love
 Heſperus the Evening Star
 Chorus of Angels
 Lucifer
 Adam
 Eve
 Conſcience
 Labor
 Sickneſs
 Diſcontent } Mutes
 Ignorance }
 Fear }
 Death }
 Faith
 Hope
 Charity.

Other Tragedies.

ADAM in BANISHMENT.

The FLOOD.

ABRAM in EGYPT.

PARADISE LOST.

The Persons.

Mofes προλογίζει, recounting how he aſſum'd his true
 body; that it corrupts not, becauſe of his [abode] with
 God

God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch and Eliah; besides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds, preserve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the sight of God; tells they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin.

Justice	}	debating what should become of Man, if he fall.
Mercy		
Wisdom		

Chorus of Angels sing a hymn of the creation.

Act II.

Heavenly Love.

Evening Star.

Chorus sing the marriage song, and describe Paradise.

Act III.

Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin.

Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall,

Act IV.

Adam	}	fallen.
Eve		

Conscience cites them to God's examination.

Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam hath lost.

Act V.

Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise:

Presented by an Angel with

Labor, Grief, Hatred, Envy, War,	}	Mutes.
Famine, Pestilence, Sicknes, Discon-		
tent, Ignorance, Fear, Death enter'd		
into the world,		

to whom he gives their names: likewise Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.

Faith	}	Comfort him and instruct him.
Hope		
Charity		

Chorus briefly concludes.

The Deluge. Sodom.

Dinah. Vide Euseb. Præparat. Evang. L. 9. C. 22.

The Persons.

Dinah.	Hamor.
Debora, Rebecca's nurse.	Sichem.
Jacob.	Counsellors 2.
Simeon.	Nuncius.
Levi.	Chorus.

Thamar Cuophorusa; where Juda is found to have been the author of that crime, which he condemn'd in Thamar. Thamar excused in what she attempted.

The Golden Calf, or the Massacre in Horeb.

The Quails, Num. 11.

The Murmurers, Num. 14.

Corah, Dathan, &c. Num. 16, 17.

Moabitides, Num. 25.

Achan, Josue 7 and 8.

Josuah in Gibeon, Josh. 10.

Gideon Idoloclastes, Jud. 6, 7.

Gideon pursuing, Jud. 8.

Abimelech the Usurper, Jud. 9.

Samson pursophorus, or Hybristes, or Samson marrying or in Ramath Lechi, Jud. 15.

Dagonalia, Jud. 16.

Comazontes, or the Benjaminites, or the Rioters, Jud.

Jud. 19, 20, 21.

Theristria, a pastoral out of Ruth.

Eliadæ, Hophni and Phinehas, Sam. 1, 2, 3, 4, beginning with the first overthrow of Israel by the Philistins, interlac'd with Samuel's vision concerning Eli's family.

Jonathan rescued, 1 Sam. 14.

Doeg flandering, 1 Sam. 22.

The sheepshearers in Carmel, a pastoral, 1 Sam. 25.

Saul in Gilboa, 1 Sam. 28, 31.

David revolted, 1 Sam. from the 27 c. to the 31.

David adulterous, 2 Sam. c. 11, 12.

Tamar, 2 Sam. 13.

Achitophel, 2 Sam. 15, 16, 17, 18.

Adoniah, 1 Reg. 2.

Salomon Gynæocratumenus, or Idolomargus, aut Thyfiazusæ. Reg. 1. 11.

Rehoboam, 1 Reg. 12. where is disputed of a politic religion.

Abias Thersæus, 1 Reg. 14. The queen, after much dispute, as the last refuge sent to the prophet Ahias of Shilo; receives the message. The Epitasis in that she hearing the child shall die as she comes home, refuses to return, thinking thereby to elude the oracle. The former part is spent in bringing the sick prince forth as it were desirous to shift his chamber and couch as dying men use, his father telling him what sacrifice he had sent for his health to Bethel and Dan; his fearlessness of death, and putting his father in mind to set [send] to Ahiah. The Chorus of the elders of Israel, bemoaning his virtues bereft them, and at another time wondring why Jeroboam being bad himself should so grieve for his son that was good, &c.

Imbres

Imbres, or the Showers, 1 Reg. 18, 19.

Naboth *συκοφαντούμενος*, 1 Reg. 21.

Ahab, 1 Reg. 22. beginning at the synod of false prophets; ending with relation of Ahab's death; his body brought; Zedekiah slain by Ahab's friends for his seducing. (See Lavater, 2 Chron. 18.)

Elias in the mount, 2 Reg. 1. *ὀρειβάτης*, or better, Elias Polemistes.

Elisæus Hudrocoos, 2 Reg. 3. Hudrophantes, Aquator.

Elisæus Adorodocétas.

Elisæus Minutes, five in Dothaimis, 2 Reg. 6.

Samaria Liberata, 2 Reg. 7.

Ahabæi Cunoborōmeni, 2 Reg. 9. The scene Jerusalem: beginning from the watchman's discovery of Jehu till he go out: in the mean while, message of things passing brought to Jezebel, &c. Lastly the 70 heads of Ahab's sons brought in, and message brought of Ahaziah's brethren slain on the way, c. 10.

Jehu Belicola, 2 Reg. 10.

Athaliah, 2 Reg. 11.

Amaziah Doryalotus, 2 Reg. 14. 2 Chron. 25.

Hezechias *πολιορκούμενος*, 2 Reg. 18, 19. Hesechia besieged. The wicked hypocrisy of Shebna, spoken of in the 11, or thereabout of Isaiah, and the commendation of Eliakim will afford *ἀφορμὰς λόγου*, together with a faction, that sought help from Egypt.

Josiah *Ἀλωζόμενος*, 2 Reg. 22.

Zedechiah *νεοτερίζων*, 2 Reg. but the story is larger in Jeremiah.

Solymῶν Halosis; which may begin from a message brought to the city, of the judgment upon Zedechiah and his children in Ribla, and so seconded with the

burning and destruction of city and temple by Nebuzaradan; lamented by Jeremiah.

Afa or Æthiopes. 2 Chron. 14. with the deposing his Mother, and burning her idol.

The three Children, Dan. 3.

British Trag.

1. The cloister king Constans set up by Vortiger.

2. Vortiger poison'd by Roena.

3. Vortiger immur'd.

The three following were added afterwards in the margin.

Venutius husband to Cartimandua.

Vortiger marrying Roena. See Speed: reprov'd by Vordin archbishop of London. Speed.

The massacre of the Britons by Hengiſt in their cups at Salisbury plain. Malmesbury.

4. Sigher of the East Saxons revolted from the faith, and reclam'd by Jarumang.

5. Ethelbert of the East Angles slain by Offa the Mercian. See Holinsh. L. 6. c. 5. Speed in the Life of Offa and Ethelbert.

6. Sebert slain by Penda after he had left his kingdom. See Holinshed, p. 116.

7. Wulfer slaying his two sons, for being Christians.

8. Osbert of Northumberland slain for ravishing the wife of Bernboeard, and the Danes brought in. See Stow. Holinsh. L. 6. c. 12. and especially Speed, L. 8. c. 2.

9. Edmund last king of the East Angles martyr'd by Hinguar the Dane. See Speed, L. 8. c. 2.

10. Sigebert tyrant of the West-Saxons slain by a Swineherd.

11. Edmund

11. Edmund brother of Athelstan slain by a thief at his own table. Malmes.

12. Edwin, son to Edward the younger, for lust depriv'd of his kingdom, or rather by faction of Monks, whom he hated; together with the impostor Dunstan.

13. Edward son of Edgar murder'd by his step-mother. To which may be inserted the tragedy stirr'd up betwixt the Monks and Priests about marriage.

14. Ethelred, son of Edgar, a slothful king, the ruin of his land by the Danes.

15. Ceaulin, king of West-Saxons, for tyranny depos'd, and banish'd, and dying.

16. The slaughter of the Monks of Bangor by Edelfride stirr'd up, as is said, by Ethelbert, and he by Austin the Monk, because the Britons would not receive the rites of the Roman Church. See Bede, Geoffrey Monmouth, and Holinshed, p. 104, which must begin with the convocation of British Clergy by Austin to determin superfluous points, which by them was refused.

17. Edwin by vision promis'd the kingdom of Northumberland on promise of his conversion, and therein establish'd by Rodoald king of East-Angles.

18. Oswin king of Deira slain by Oswie, his friend, king of Bernitia, through instigation of flatterers. See Holinshed, p. 115.

19. Sigibert of the East-Angles keeping company with a person excommunicated, slain by the same man in his house, according as the bishop Cedda had foretold.

20. Egfride king of the Northumbers slain in battel against the Picts, having before wasted Ireland, and

made war for no reason on men that ever lov'd the English; forewarn'd also by Cuthbert not to fight with the Picts.

21. Hinewulf, King of West-Saxons, slain by Kineard in the house of one of his concubines.

22. Gunthildis, the Danish lady, with her husband Palingus, and her son, slain by appointment of the traitor Edrick in king Ethelred's days. Holinshed, L. 7. c. 5. together with the massacre of the Danes at Oxford. Speed.

23. Brightrick of West-Saxons poison'd by his wife Ethelburge Offa's daughter, who dies miserably also in beggary after adultery in a nunnery. Speed in Bithrick.

24. Alfred in disguise of a minstrel discovers the Danes negligence, sets on with a mighty slaughter; about the same time the Devonshire men rout Hubba and slay him.

A Heroical poem may be founded somewhere in Alfred's reign, especially at his issuing out of Edelingsey on the Danes, whose actions are well like those of Ulysses.

25. Athelstan exposing his brother Edwin to the sea, and repenting.

26. Edgar slaying Ethelwold for false play in wooing, wherein may be set out his pride, lust, which he thought to close by favoring Monks and building Monasteries: also the disposition of woman in Elfrida towards her husband.

27. Swane besieging London, and Ethelred repuls'd by the Londoners.

28. Harold slain in battel by William the Norman. The first scene may begin with the ghost of Alfred,
the

the second son of Ethelred, slain in cruel manner by Godwin Harold's father, his mother and brother dissuading him.

29. Edinong Ironside defeating the Danes at Brentford, with his combat with Canute.

30. Edmond Ironside murder'd by Edrick the traitor, and reveng'd by Canute.

31. Gunilda, daughter to king Canute and Emma, Wife to Henry the third Emperor, accus'd of incontinuity, is defended by her English page in combat against a giant-like adversary; who by him at two blows is slain, &c. Speed in the Life of Canute.

32. Hardiknute dying in his cups, an example to riot.

33. Edward Confessor's divorcing and imprisoning his noble wife Editha, Godwin's daughter; wherein is showed his over-affection to strangers the cause of Godwin's insurrection, wherein Godwin's forbearance of battel prais'd, and the English moderation on both sides magnified. His slackness to redress the corrupt Clergy, and superstitious pretence of chastity.

ABRAM from MOREA, or ISAAC redeem'd.

The Oeconomy may be thus. The fifth or sixth day after Abraham's departure, Eleazer Abram's steward, first alone, and then with the Chorus, discourse of Abraham's strange voyage, their mistress' sorrow and perplexity accompanied with frightful dreams; and tell the manner of his rising by night, taking his servants and his son with him. Next may come forth Sarah herself; after the Chorus, or Ismael, or Agar; next some shepherd or company of merchants passing through the mount in the time that Abram was in the

midwork, relate to Sarah what they saw. Hence lamentation, fears, wonders; the matter in the meanwhile divulg'd. Aner or Eschcol, or Mamre Abram's confederates come to the house of Abraham to be more certain, or to bring news; in the meanwhile discoursing as the world would, of such an action divers ways, bewailing the fate of so noble a man fallen from his reputation, either through divine justice, or superstition, or coveting to do some notable act through zeal. At length a servant sent from Abram relates the truth; and last he himself comes with a great train of Melchizedec, whose shepherds being secret eye-witnesses of all passages had related to their master, and he conducted his friend Abraham home with joy.

BAPTISTES.

The Scene, the Court.

Beginning from the morning of Herod's birth-day.

Herod by some Counsellor persuaded * on his birth-day to release John Baptist, purposes it, causes him to be sent for to the court from prison. The Queen hears of it, takes occasion to pass where he is, on purpose, that under pretence of reconciling to him, or seeking to draw a kind retraction from him of his censure on the marriage; to which end she sends a courtier before to sound whether he might be persuaded to mitigate his sentence, which not finding, she herself craftily assays, and on his constancy finds an accusation to Herod of a contumacious affront on such a day before many peers,

* Or else the Queen may plot under pretence of begging for his liberty, to seek to draw him into a snare by his freedom of speech.

peers, prepares the king to some passion, and at last by her daughter's dancing effects it. There may prologize the Spirit of Philip, Herod's brother. It may also be thought, that Herod had well bedew'd himself with wine, which made him grant the easier to his wife's daughter. Some of his disciples also, as to congratulate his liberty, may be brought in, with whom after certain command of his death many compassioning words of his disciples, bewailing his youth cut off in his glorious course, he telling them his work is done, and wishing them to follow Christ his master,

S O D O M.

The title, Cupid's funeral pile. Sodom burning.

The Scene before Lot's gate.

The Chorus consists of Lot's shepherds come to the city about some affairs await in the evening their master's return from his evening walk toward the city-gates. He brings with him two young men or youths of noble form. After likely discourses prepares for their entertainment. By then supper is ended, the gallantry of the town pass by in procession with music and song to the temple of Venus Urania or Peor, and understanding of two noble strangers arriv'd, they send two of their choicest youth with the priest to invite them to their city solemnities, it being an honour that their city had decreed to all fair personages, as being sacred to their Goddess. The Angels being askt by the priest whence they are, say they are of Salem; the priest inveighs against the strict reign of Melchizedec. Lot, that knows their drift, answers thwartly at last, of which notice given to the whole assembly, they

hasten thither, tax him of presumption, singularity, breach of city-customs; in fine, after violence, the Chorus of shepherds prepare resistance in their master's defense, calling the rest of the servitude; but being forc'd to give back, the Angels open the door, rescue Lot, discover themselves, warn him to gather his friends and sons in law out of the city. He goes and returns, as having met with some incredulous. Some other friend or son in law out of the way, when Lot came to his house, overtakes him to know his business. Here is disputed of incredulity of divine judgments, and such like matter: at last is described the parting from the city; the Chorus depart with their master; the Angels do the deed with all dreadful execution; the King and Nobles of the city may come forth, and serve to set out the terror; a Chorus of Angels concluding, and the Angels relating the event of Lot's journey and of his wife. The first Chorus beginning, may relate the course of the city each evening every one with mistress or Ganymed, gitterning along the streets, or solacing on the banks of Jordan, or down the stream. At the priest's inviting the Angels to the solemnity, the Angels pitying their beauty may dispute of love, and how it differs from lust, seeking to win them. In the last scene, to the King and Nobles, when the fierce thunders begin aloft, the Angel appears all girt with flames, which he saith are the flames of true love, and tells the King, who falls down with terror, his just suffering, as also Athane's, i. e. Gener, Lot's son in law, for despising the continual admonitions of Lot: then calling to the thunders, lightnings, and fires, he bids them hear the call and command of God to come and destroy a godless nation: he brings
 them

them down with some short warning to other nations to take heed.

Christ born.

Herod massacring, or Rachel weeping, Matt. 2.

Christ bound.

Christ crucified.

Christ risen.

Lazarus, Joan. 11.

A D A M U N P A R A D I S ' D.

The Angel Gabriel either descending or entring, showing since this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth, as in Heaven: describes Paradise. Next the Chorus shewing the reason of his coming to keep his watch in Paradise after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God, and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent new creature, Man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the station of the Chorus, and desired by them relates what he knew of Man, as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this Lucifer appears after his overthrow, bemoans himself, seeks revenge on Man. The Chorus prepare resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs; whereat the Chorus sings of the battel, and victory in Heaven against him and his accomplices; as before, after the first Act, was sung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer relating and insulting in what he had done to the destruction of Man. Man next, and Eve having by this time been seduc'd by the

serpent appears confusedly cover'd with leaves. Conscience in a shape accuses him, Justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah call'd for him. In the meanwhile the Chorus entertains the stage, and is informed by some Angel the manner of his fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam's fall. Adam then and Eve return, accuse one another, but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife, is stubborn in his offense. Justice appears; reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonisheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but before causes to pass before his eyes in shapes a Mask of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs; at last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity; instructs him; he repents, gives God the glory, submits to his penalty: The Chorus briefly concludes. Compare this with the former draught,

Scotch stories, or rather British of the North parts.

ATHRICO slain by Natholochus, whose daughter he had ravish'd, and this Nathologus usurping thereon the kingdom, seeks to slay the kindred of Athrico, who scape him and conspire against him. He sends to a witch to know the event. The witch tells the messenger, that he is the man shall slay Natholochus: he detests it, but in his Journey home changes his mind, and performs it. Scotch Chron. English, p. 68, 69.

DUFFEE and DONWALD, a strange story of witchcraft, and murder discover'd and reveng'd, Scotch Story, 149, &c.

HALL,

HAIE, the Plowman, who with his two sons that were at plough running to the battel that was between the Scots and Danes in the next field, staid the flight of his countrymen, renew'd the battel, and caus'd the victory. &c. Scotch Story, p. 155.

KENNETH, who having privily poison'd Malcolm Duffee, that his own son might succeed, is slain by Fenella, Scotch Hist. p. 157, 158, &c.

MACBETH, beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Mackduffe. The matter of Duncan may be express'd by the appearing of his ghost.

MOABITIDES OR PHINEAS.

The Epitasis whereof may lie in the contention, first between the father of Zimri and Eleazer, whether he [ought] to have slain his son without law. Next, the embassadors of the Moabites expostulating about Cosbi a stranger and a noble woman slain by Phineas. It may be argned about reformation and punishment illegal, and, as it were by tumult, after all arguments driven home, then the word of the Lord may be brought, acquitting and approving Phineas.

CHRISTUS PATIENS.

The scene in the garden beginning from the coming thither till Judas betrays, and the officers lead him away, The rest by message and Chorus. His agony may receive noble expressions.

It is the woman who with a few days later
secreted through running to the battle and was between
the Scots and Danes in the neck of the field. He is the
of his countrymen, renewed the battle, and ceased
the victory. Of Scotch George p. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129.
The woman who having given birth to Malcolm
Duncan, that prince for whose sake is slain by
Fenella, Scotch Hist. p. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132.
Malcolm, beginning at the arrival of Malcolm
at Macbeth. The mother of Duncan may be ex-
posed by the appearance of his ghost.

Malcolm, or Fenella, or
The Epistle which may be in the connection, the
between the father of Edmund and Edgar. The mother
[ought] to have been his son without law. Next
the exhortation of the Modest exhortation about
Cato a stranger and a noble woman. In this case
It may be argued from reason and punishment
illegal, and, as it were by chance, after all argu-
ments driven home, then the word of the Lord
may be brought, depending and a strong Phineas
and his wife.

The scene in the garden beginning with the coupling
between the ladies betrays, and the officers lead him
away. The rest by George and Charles. The agony
may receive noble attention.

George and Charles
George and Charles
George and Charles
George and Charles

SAMSON AGONISTES,

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

Aristot. Poët. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεων σπυδαίας, &c.

“Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per

“misericordiam et metum perficiens talium

“affectuum lustrationem.”

SAMSON AGONISTES

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN W. MILLTON.

Author Poet Cap. &c.

Tragedy, History, &c. &c.

"Tragedy of imitatio actionis feris, &c. per

"miserationem et inveniunt peritiam talium

"etiam in latitudinem."

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is called Tragedy.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humors. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33. and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguish'd each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have labor'd not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honor Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinish'd. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; hap'ning through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defense,

sense, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modeling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather follow'd, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse us'd in the chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas fram'd only for the music, then us'd with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be call'd Allæostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth act. Of the stile and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequal'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavor to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labor as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labor, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition, Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavors the like, and withal tells him his last purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclam'd by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavor with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him: The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

THE ARGUMENT

THE PERSONS.

- SAMSON.
- MANOAH, the Father of Samson.
- DALILA, his Wife.
- HARAPHA of Gath.
- Public Officer.
- Messenger.
- Chorus of Danites.

The SCENE before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON.

A Little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil, 5
 Daily' in the common prison else injoin'd me,
 Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet, 10
 With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave 15
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone, 20
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold
 Twice by an Angel, who at last in sight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended 25
 From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting

His god-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task 35
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labor of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction; what if all foretold
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default, 45
Whom have I to complain of but myself?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
O'ercome with importunity and tears.
O impotence of mind, in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall 55
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will 60
Of

Of highest dispensation, which herein
Haply had ends above my reach to know:
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my miseries;
So many, and so huge, that each apart 65
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct, 70
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd 75
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree? 85
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life, 90
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight

To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd? 95
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To life a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!
 Myself, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs, 105
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

CHOR. This, this is he; softly a while, 115
 Let us not break in upon him;
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unprops,
 As one past hope, abandon'd, 120
 And by himself given over;
 In flavish habit, ill fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soil'd;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd, 125
 Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd

No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand;
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,
Ran on imbattel'd armies clad in iron,
And weaponless himself, 130

Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
Adamantean proof;

But safest he who stood aloof, 135

When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
Their plated backs under his heel; 140

Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,

The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,

A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,

In Ramath-lechi famous to this day. 145

Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoulders bore

The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,

Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,

No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;

Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven. 150

Which shall I first bewail,

Thy bondage or lost sight,

Prison within prison

Inseparably dark?

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!) 155

The dungeon of thyself; thy soul

(Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)

Imprison'd now indeed,

In real darkness of the body dwells,

Shut up from outward light 160

T' incorporate with gloomy night;

For inward light alas

Puts forth no visual beam,

O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth unparallel'd! 165

The rarer thy example stands,

By how much from the top of wondrous glory,

Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.

For him I reckon not in high estate 170

Whom long descent of birth

Or the sphere of fortune raises;

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,

Might have subdued the earth,

Universally crown'd with highest praises. 175

S A M S. I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

C H O. He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in
The glory late of Israel, now the grief; [might,

We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180

From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,

To visit or bewail thee, or if better,

Counsel or consolation we may bring,

Salve to thy sores; apt words have pow'r to swage

The tumors of a troubled mind, 185

And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

S A M S. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,

How counterfeit a coin they are who friends

Bear in their superscription (of the most 190

I would be understood); in prosp'rous days

They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,

Not

Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O Friends,
 How many evils have inclos'd me round;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me, 195
 Blindness, for had I fight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwrack'd
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear, 200
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, Friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why? 205
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
 This with the other should, at least, have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHO. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men 210
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder 215
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAMS. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
 The daughter of an infidel; they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance, 225

The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false; the next I took to wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late,)
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare. 230
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

CHO. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
 Yet Israël still serves with all his sons. 240

SAM S. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd 245
 Deliverance offer'd: I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer;
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best: 255
 Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent
 The harrafs of their land, beset me round;
 I willingly on some conditions came

Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey, 260
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
 Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe, 265
 They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve:
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty, 270
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favor rais'd
 As their deliverer; if he ought begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last 275
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CHO. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penueel
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless Gideon in pursuit 280
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Nor worse than by his shield and spear,
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite, 285
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 In that fore battel when so many dy'd
 Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMS. Of such examples add me to the roll, 290
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,

But

But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

CHO. Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;

Unless there be who think not God at all: 295

If any be, they walk obscure;

For of such doctrine never was there school,

But the heart of the fool,

And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, 300

As to his own edicts found contradicting,

Then give the reins to wandering thought,

Regardless of his glory's diminution;

Till by their own perplexities involv'd

They ravel more, till less resolv'd, 305

But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,

And tie him to his own prescript,

Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,

And hath full right t' exempt 310

Whom so it pleases him by choice

From national obstriction, without taint

Of sin, or legal debt;

For with his own laws he can best dispense,

He would not else who never wanted means, 315

Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause

To set his people free,

Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,

Against his vow of strictest purity,

To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320

Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,

Though reason here aver

That moral verdict quits her of unclean:

Unchaste

Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his, 325

But see here comes thy reverent Sire

With careful step, locks white as down,

Old Manoah: advise

Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

SAMS. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd 330

With mention of that name renews th' assault.

MAN. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,

Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,

As I suppose, tow'ards your once glory'd friend,

My son now captive, hither hath inform'd 335

Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age

Came lagging after; say if he be here.

CHO. As signal now in low dejected state,

As erst in high'est, behold him where he lies.

MAN. O miserable change! is this the man, 340

That invincible Samson, far renown'd,

The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength

Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,

None offering fight; who single combatant

Duel'd their armies rank'd in proud array, 345

Himself an army, now unequal match

To save himself against a coward arm'd

At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust

In mortal strength! and oh what not in man

Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good 350

Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?

I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,

And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;

Who would be now a father in my stead? 355

O wherefore did God grant me my request,

And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?

Why

Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest pray'rs, then, giv'n with solemn hand
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? 360
 For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
 Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men; then in an hour
 Insnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound, 365
 Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall 370
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honor's sake of former deeds.

S A M S. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father;
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I myself have brought them on, 375
 Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. 380
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft' experience: did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her highth
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it strait 385
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies
 And rivals? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd 390
 Her

Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know;
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence,
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt 400
 She sought to make me traitor to myself;
 Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
 With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over-watch'd, and wearied out, 405
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd 410
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To honor and religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base 415
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infect our foes.

I state

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
 Temptation found't, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim 435
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnify'd; and God, 440
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMS. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
 Dishonor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
 Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols;

Which

Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his worshipers. [words

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name 475
Against all competition, nor will long
Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done!
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted 485
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM S. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;

And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
 The mark of fool set on his front!
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully a sin
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son:
 Repent the sin; but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids; 505
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
 Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
 (Best pleas'd with humble' and filial submission)
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
 For self-offense, more than for God offended. 515
 Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,
 Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd? 520

SAM S. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? When in strength

All

All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, 525
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, for beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shor'd me
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

CHO. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the sinell,
 Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men, 545
 Allure thee from the cool crySTALLIN stream.

SAMS. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
 With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHO. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

SAMS. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
Against another object more enticing? [plete
What boots it at one gate to make defense, 560
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonor'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd, 565
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustering down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570
And sedentary nunness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old-age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them? [gift
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn. 580
But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
After the brunt of battel, can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 585
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for nought,

Nor

Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMS. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems 595
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humors black, 600
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

SAMS. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,

To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure: 630
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending. 635
Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies: 640
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHO. Many are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude:

And

And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou tow'ards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course, 670
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mate,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about 675
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory, 680
And people's safety, which in part they' effect:
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their highth of noon
Changeest thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favors past 685
From thee on them, or them to thee of service,
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit

To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
 Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times, 695
 And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude old-age; 700
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land? 710
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' iles 715
 Of Javan or Gadire
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume 720
 Her

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife. [near me.

SAMS. My Wife, my Traitress, let her not come

CHO. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes
thee fix'd,

About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil: 730

But now again she makes address to speak.

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735

May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw)

My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740

Hath led me on desirous to behold

Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,

If ought in my ability may serve

To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745

Though late, yet in some part to recompense

My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMS. Out, out, Hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,

To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750

Then as repentant to submit, beseech,

And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,

Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears, 755
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
With goodness principled not to reject 760
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
To lessen or extenuate my offense,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By' itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults:
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle 785
So

So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rds thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore 795
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold;
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAM S. How cunningly the forcerefs displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach; but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to' have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best-resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited,

Solicited, commanded; threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honorable, how glorious to intrap 855
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to insnare an irreligious 860
Dishonorer of Dagon: what had I
T' oppose against such pow'rful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim 865
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining. 870

SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy. [end;
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings brought forth other deeds. 875
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?

Being

Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs: if ought against my life
 Thy country fought of thee, it fought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be' obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee; 895
 To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes,
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be,
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd. 900
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMS. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to show what recompense 910
 Tow'ards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,

Exempt

Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age 925
With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMS. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd, 930
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd, 935
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy husband, slight me, fell me, and forego me; 940
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will 945
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

DAL.

I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee 425
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Tempration found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st 430
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim 435
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnify'd; and God, 440
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols
Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest, 445
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAMSON. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honor, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high 450
Among the Heathen round; to God have brought
Disshonor, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before 455
To waver, or fall off and join with idols;

Which

Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure, 465
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470
And with confusion blank his worshipers. [words

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name 475
Against all competition, nor will long
Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done!
Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted 485
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM S. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;

And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab, 495
 The mark of fool set on his front!
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
 Weakly at least, and shamefully a sin
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son:
 Repent the sin; but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids; 505
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
 Who ever more approves and more accepts 510
 (Best pleas'd with humble' and filial submission)
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
 For self-offense, more than for God offended. 515
 Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,
 Where thou mayst bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd? 520

SAM S. His pardon I implore; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? When in strength
 All

All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits, 525
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, for beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded 530
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge 535
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shor'd me
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies. 540

CHO. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavor, or the finell,
 Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men, 545
 Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream.

SAM S. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
 With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying 550
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

CHO. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

SAMS. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
Against another object more enticing? [plete

What boots it at one gate to make defense, 560

And at another to let in the foe,

Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,

Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonor'd, quell'd,

To what can I be useful, wherein serve

My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd, 565

But to sit idle on the household hearth,

A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,

Or pity'd object, these redundant locks

Robustious to no purpose clustering down,

Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570

And sedentary nunness craze my limbs

To a contemptible old-age obscure?

Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,

Till vermin or the draff of servile food

Consume me, and oft-invoked death 575

Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that

Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them? [gift

Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,

Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn. 580

But God, who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay

After the brunt of battel, can as easy

Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,

Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast; 585

And I persuade me so; why else this strength

Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?

His might continues in thee not for nought,

Nor

Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMS. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems 595
In all her functions weary of herself,
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humors black, 600
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit. 605

SAMS. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast and reins;
But must secret passage find 610
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense, 615
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable 620
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,

To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise 625
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forlook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure: 630
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending. 635
Under his special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies: 640
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated 645
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHO. Many are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude:

And

And to the bearing well of all calamities, 655
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With study'd argument, and much persuasion sought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound 660
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength, 665
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!
That thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course, 670
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
Irrational and brute.
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That wandering loose about 675
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
Heads without name no more remember'd,
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
To some great work, thy glory, 680
And people's safety, which in part they' effect:
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
Amidst their highth of noon
Changeest thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favors past 685
From thee on them, or them to thee of service,
Nor only dost degrade them, or remit

To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismission,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times, 695
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
Painful diseases and deform'd,
In crude old-age; 700
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labors, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land? 710
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' iles 715
Of Javan or Gadire
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume 720
Her

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife. [near me.

SAMS. My Wife, my Traitress, let her not come

CHO. Yet on she moves, now stands, and eyes
 thee fix'd,

About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
 Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil: 730
 But now again she makes address to speak.

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears 735
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw)
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740
 Hath led me on desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If ought in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power, 745
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMS. Out, out, Hyæna; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray, 750
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,

Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears, 755
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd
With goodness principled not to reject 760
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example. 765

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavor
To lessen or extenuate my offense,
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By' itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd, 770
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In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune 775
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Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle 785
So

So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate, 790
The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rd thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me
As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore 795
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold;
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears, 805
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd.
Be not unlike all others, not austere 815
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAM S. How cunningly the forcerefs displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way; bitter reproach; but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me;
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly, 825
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission. 835
But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to' have love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd? 840
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides, 845
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have aw'd the best-resolv'd of men,
The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited,

Solicited, commanded; threaten'd, urg'd,
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honorable, how glorious to intrap 855
A common enemy, who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
It would be to insnare an irreligious 860
Dishonorer of Dagon: what had I
T' oppose against such pow'rful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim 865
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining. 870

SAMS. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy. [end;
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings brought forth other deeds. 875
I before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over-power'd 880
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?

Being

Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave 885
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs: if ought against my life
 Thy country fought of thee, it fought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee; 895
 To please thy Gods thou didst it; Gods unable
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes,
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be,
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd. 900
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colors failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMS. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to show what recompense 910
 Tow'ards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd 915
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,

Exempt

Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.

I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
Their favorable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age 925
With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMS. No, no, of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd, 930
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
No more on me have power, their force is null'd, 935
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd
To fence my ear against thy forceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Lov'd, honor'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
Thy husband, slight me, fell me, and forego me; 940
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contain'd, and scorn'd,
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will 945
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAMS. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.

At distance I forgive thee, go with that;
Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works 955

It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives:

Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason; so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960

To prayers, than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:

Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.

Why do I humble thus myself, and suing 965

For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?

Bid go with evil omen and the brand

Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?

To mix with thy concernments I desist

Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970

Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,

And with contrary blast proclames most deeds;

On both his wings, one black, the other white,

Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.

My name perhaps among the circumcis'd 975

In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,

To all posterity may stand defam'd,

With malediction mention'd, and the blot

Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.

But in my country where I most desire, 980

In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,

I shall be nam'd among the famousst

Of women, sung at solemn festivals,

Living and dead recorded, who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose 985
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odors visited and annual flowers;
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd. 990
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy
 The public marks of honor and reward,
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to' have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines, 995
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHO. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAMS. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

CHO. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
 After offense returning, to regain [power,
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily 1005
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorie.

SAMS. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery indangering life.

CHO. It is not virtue, wisdom, valor, wit, 1010
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,
 (Which way soever men refer it) 1015
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day

Or seven, though one should musing sit.
If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd, 1020
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament 1025
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftent to affect the wrong? 1030
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil, 1035
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestin, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms 1040
Draws him awry inflav'd.
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly' and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Inbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm? 1045
Favor'd of Heav'n who finds
One virtuous rarely found,
That in domestic good combines:
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:

But

But virtue, which breaks through all opposition, 1050
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe, 1055

Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:

So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not sway'd
By female usurpation, or disdain'd. 1060

But had we best retire, I see a storm?

SAMS. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHO. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAMS. Be less abitruse, my riddling days are past.

CHO. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floting this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMS. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHO. His freight we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath,
Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
As Og or Anak and th' Emims old. 1080

That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place 1085
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
 Each other's force in camp or list'd field;
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

SAMS. The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
 To' have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw; 1095
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown:
 So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
 From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st 1100
 The highest name for valiant acts; that honor
 Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out. [do

SAMS. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but
 What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAMS. Such usage as your honorable lords
 Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me. 1115
 Therefore

Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120
Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head, 1125
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair, 1135
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMS. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me 1140
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God, 1145
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him

How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine. 1155

HAR. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
Into thy enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee 1160
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
For valor to assail, nor by the sword 1165
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honor,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAMS. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant:
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight, 1175
By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honor that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber. 1180

SAMS.

SAMS. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove
me these?

HAR. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed 1185
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking, 1190
To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAMS. Among the daughters of the Philistines
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
And in your city held my nuptial feast:
But your ill-meaning politician lords 1195
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd. 1200
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My nation was subjected to your lords. 1205
It was the force of conquest; force with force
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.
But I a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts. 1210
I was no private but a person rais'd
With strength sufficient and command from Heaven

To free my country; if their servile minds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for nought, 1215
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve:
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offense
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant 1220
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment? 1225
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMS. Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

HAR. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd
 Hear these dishonors, and not render death?

SAMS. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free. 1235

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMS. Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down 1240
 To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament
 These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHO. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-faln,
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides, 1245
 And

And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

SAM. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHO. He will directly to the lords, I fear 1253
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

SAMS. He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the' offer or not, 1255
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd,
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;
If they intend advantage of my labors,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end 1265
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHO. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and bolsterous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue 1275
The righteous and all such as honor truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats

With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigor arm'd, 1280
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surpris'd, 1285
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all 1290
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might indued
 Above the sons of men: but sight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those 1295
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Laboring thy mind
 More than the working-day thy hands.
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind, 1300
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A scepter or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now 1305
 A public Officer, and now at hand.
 His message will be short and voluble.

OFF. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

CHO. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OFF. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,

With

With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honor this great feast, and great assembly; 1315
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAMS. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell
them

Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320
My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

OFF. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

SAMS. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics, 1325
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labor'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more, 1330
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou can'st, I will not come.

OFF. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

SAMS. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd 1335
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their God, 1340
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFF. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks

Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

SAMS. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

OFF. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAMS. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow' indeed.

CHO. Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break;

He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,

More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

SAMS. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair 1355

After my great transgression, so requite

Favor renew'd, and add a greater sin

By prostituting holy things to idols;

A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honor to their Dagon? 1360

Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,

What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHO. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

SAMS. Not in their idol-worship, but by labor 1365
Honest and lawful to deserve my food

Of those who have me in their civil power. [not.

CHO. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile

SAMS. Where outward force constrains, the sen-
tence holds.

But who constrains me to the temple' of Dagon, 1370

Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

I do, it freely, vent'ring to displease

God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,

Set God behind; which in his jealousy 1375

Shall

Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHO. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my
reach. 1380

SAMS. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonor 1385
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be ought of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHO. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

OFF. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay; 1395
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMS. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious. 1400
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection; 1405
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men!)

Yet

Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

OFF. I praise thy resolution: doff these links: 1410
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favor, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAMS. Brethren, farewell; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight 1415
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd; 1420
No less the people on their holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonorable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or myself, 1425
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHO. Go, and the holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the Heathen round; 1430
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee 1435
In the camp of Dan
Be efficacious in thee now at need:
For never was from Heav'n imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal feed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen! 1440

But

But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere-while
He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news? [hither

MAN. Peace with you, Brethren; my inducement
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.

I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

CHO. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the lords,
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner. 1460

Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State 1465

They easily would set to sale: a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.

What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHO. Doubtless the people shouting to behold

Their

Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown. 1475

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down: much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480

No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

CHO. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons, 1485
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age can'st how to nurse thy son
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes, 1490
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And, I persuade me, God had not permitted 1495
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrison'd round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHO. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon 1505
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,

In

In both which we, as next, participate. [noise!

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and --- O what
Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510

CHO. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:
Oh it continues, they have slain my son.

CHO. Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do? stay here, or run and see! 1520

CHO. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here, 1525

From other hands we need not much to fear.
What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

CHO. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old; what hinders now?

MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief. 1535
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

CHO. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,

An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe. 1540

MESS. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence or instinct of nature seems, 1545
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To' have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MESS. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MAN. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest,
The desolation of a hostile city. [surfeit.

MESS. Feed on that first, there may in grief be

MAN. Relate by whom.

MESS. By Samson.

MAN. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESS. Ah Manoah, I refrain too suddenly 1565
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESS. Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

MAN.

MAN. The worst indeed, O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves 1575
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How dy'd he; death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he, 1580
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

MESS. By his own hands.

MAN. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself 1585
Among his foes?

MESS. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself! 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct. 1595

MESS. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclam'd
Through each high-street: little I had dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumor'd that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people

Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre 1605

Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;

The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand; 1610
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought, 1615

In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers and flingers, cataphracts and spears.

At sight of him, the people with a shout 1620
Rifted the air, clamoring their God with praise,
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd, 1625
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested 1630
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)

As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.

He

He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson 1635
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd 1640
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold. 1645
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flow'r, not only
Of this but each Philistian city round, 1655
Men from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

CHO. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
The work for which thou wast foretold
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold 1665
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more

Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,

I SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund and
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, 1670

And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
Chaunting their idol, and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In Silo his bright sanctuary:

Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent, 1675
Who hurt their minds,

And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in haste for their destroyer;

They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importun'd 1680

Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
So fond are mortal men

Fall'n into wrath divine,
As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate, 1685
And with blindness internal struck.

2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd,

From under ashes into sudden flame,

And as an evening dragon came,

Affailant on the perched roosts,

And nests in order rang'd

Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle 1695

His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue giv'n for lost,

Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,

Like that self-begotten bird

In the Arabian woods imbost,

1700

That

That no second knows nor third,
And lay ere while a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd, 1705
And though her body die, her fame survives
A secular bird ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd 1710
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel
Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them 1715
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To' himself and father's house eternal fame;
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favoring and assisting to the end.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies 1725
Sok'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends, 1730
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him

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To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house: there will I build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm, 1735
 With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valor, and adventures high: 1740
 The virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHO. All is best, though we oft doubt, 1745
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close,
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns, 1750
 And to his faithful champion hath in place
 Borne witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent;
 His servants he with new acquit 1755
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

END OF SAMSON AGONISTES.

P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES,

B Y

Mr. JOHN MILTON.

“ — Baccare frontem

“ Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.”

VIRGIL, Eclog. vii.

P O E M 2

U F O

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES

AND

MR JOHN MILTON

IN

TO THE

OF

THE

OF

OF

OF

To the first edition of the author's poems, printed in 1645, was prefixed the following advertisement of

The STATIONER to the READER.

IT is not any private respect of gain, gentle Reader, for the slightest pamphlet is now-a-days more vendible than the works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such pieces both in prose and verse, as may renew the wonted honor and esteem of our English tongue: and it's the worth of these both English and Latin poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomiums, that can invite thee to buy them, though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academics, both domestic and foreign; and amongst those of our own country, the unparallel'd attestation of that renown'd Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. I know not thy palate how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is; perhaps more trivial airs may please thee better. But howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men in their clear and courteous entertainment of Mr. Waller's late choice pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green, and not to be blighted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age, by bringing into the light as
true

true a birth, as the Muses have brought forth since our famous Spenser wrote; whose poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated, as sweetly excell'd. Reader, if thou art eagle-ey'd to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command,

HUMPH. MOSELEY.

POEMS

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

I.

A N N O Æ T A T I S 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a cough *.

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft filken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honor, if thou hadst out-lasted
 Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
 For he being amorous on that lovely dye 5
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
 By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touch'd his deity full near, 10
 If

* This elegy was not inserted in the first edition of the author's poems printed in 1645, but was added in the second edition printed in 1673. It was compos'd in the year 1625, that being the 17th year of Milton's age. In some editions the title runs thus, *On the death of a fair Infant, a nephew of his, dying of a cough*: but the sequel shows plainly that the child was not a *nephew*, but a *niece*, and consequently a daughter of his sister Phillips, and probably her first child.

If likewise he some fair-one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
 Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled ear, 15
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:
 There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
 Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
 Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine. 35

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)

Tell

Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40

Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof 45
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some Goddess fled
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
 Or that crown'd matron sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood 55
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
 As if to show what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence, 65
 To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild.
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent! 75
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name
 to live.

II.

Anno Ætatis 19. At a Vacation Exercise in the college, part Latin, part English. The latin speeches ended, the English thus began *.

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavoring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door, 5
 Where

* These verses were made in 1627, that being the 19th year of the author's age; and they were not in the edition of 1645, but were first added in the edition of 1673.

Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst;
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight,
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And weary of their place do only stay 25
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity 35
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings

Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,
In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50
Are held with his melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 55
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments
his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance
with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, ex-
plains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The faery ladies danc'd upon the hearth; 60
Thy drousy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
And sweetly finging round about thy bed
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From

From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king, 75
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them; 80
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door 85
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar:
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then
 Relation was call'd by his name.

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dun,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along th' indented meads,
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 95

Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of fedy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame. 100

[The rest was prose.]

III.

On the MORNING of CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Compos'd 1629.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing, 5
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table 10
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein 15
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To

To welcome him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
 bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
 The star-led wisards haste with odors sweet:
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet; 25
 Have thou the honor first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
 While the Heav'n-born child 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
 It was no season then for her 35
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
 She woo's the gentle air
 To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
 And on her naked shame, 40
 Pollute with sinful blame,

The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
 Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease, 45
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing, 50
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battel's found
 Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55
 The hooked chariot stood,
 Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kist, 65

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze, 70
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow, 75
 Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame, 80
 As his inferior flame
 The new inlighten'd world no more should need;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn, 85
 Or e'er the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
 Full little thought they then,
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below; 90
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook, 95
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done, 105
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light, 110
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;
 The helmed Cherubim,
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great 120
 His constellation set,

And

And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres, 125
Once bless our human ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow, 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold, 135
And speckled Vanity
Will ficken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day,

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,
'Thron'd in celestial sheen, 145

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so, 150
 The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss;
 So both himself and us to glorify:
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, 155
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
 deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:
 The aged earth aghast, 160
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the center shake;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins; for from this happy day
 Th' old Dragon under ground,
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving,
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell,

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
 From haunted spring, and dale

Edg'd with poplar pale, 185

The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn

The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
 mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,

And on the holy hearth, 190

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
 In urns, and altars round,

A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195

While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim

Forfake their temples dim,

With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;

And mooned Ashtaroth, 200

Heav'n's queen and mother both,

Now

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz
 mourn,

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled, 205
 Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
 The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste,

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
 The sable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark. 220

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the Gods beside
 Longer dare abide, 225

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling-bands controll the damned crew.

XXVI.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted Fays 235
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd
 maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heaven's youngest teemed star 240
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

IV.

THE PASSION.

I.

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring.
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
 My Muse with Angels did divide to sing;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5
 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worie than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo:

Most perfect Hero, try'd in heavieſt plight
 Of labors huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He ſovran Prieſt ſtooping his regal head, 15
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleſhly tabernacle entered,
 His ſtarry front low-rooft beneath the ſkies;
 O what a maſk was there, what a diſguiſe!

Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide, 20
 Then lies him meekly down faſt by his brethren's ſide.

IV.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;
 His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former ſufferings other-where are found; 25
 Loud o'er the reſt Cremona's trump doth ſound;
 Me ſofter airs beſit, and ſofter ſtrings
 Of lute, or viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, beſt patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickeſt mantle throw, 30
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are color'd with my woe;
 My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish
white.

35

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood; 40

There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock, 45
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing, 50
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud 55
Had god a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years
he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with
what was begun, left it unfinish'd.

V.

O N T I M E

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
 And merely mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine, 15
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
 Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
 Time.

VI.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5
 Now

Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love or law more just! 15
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness; 20
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

VII.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Syrens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present 5
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,

Ay sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With faintly shout and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd fin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

VIII.

An EPITAPH on the Marchioness of Winchester *.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honor'd wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth, 5

More

* Jane, daughter of Thomas Lord Viscount Savage of Rock-Savage.

More than she could own from earth,
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death.
Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth and her graces sweet 15
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage feast;
He at their invoking came
But with a scarce well-lighted flame; 20
And in his garland as he stood
Ye might discern a cypress-bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes, 25
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for Lucina came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip, 35
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,

Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower; 40
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall 45
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
That to give the world increase,
Shortned hast thy own life's lease!
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan 55
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdes,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly-favor'd Joseph bore 65
To him that serv'd for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Ear within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like

Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

IX.

SONG. ON MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire 5

Mirth and youth and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

X.

ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honor'd
 bones

The labor of an age in piled stones,

Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid,

Under a star-ypointing pyramid?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5

What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Thou in our wonder and astonishment

Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

For whilst to th' shame of slow-endavoring art

Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book

Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie, 15
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI.

On the UNIVERSITY CARRIER;

Who sicken'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid
 to go to London, by reason of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
 Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He 's here stuck in a flough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known 5
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd; 10
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has supt, and 's newly gone to bed.

XII.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And, like an engin mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait. 10
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd, 15
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers. 20
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd, More weight!
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30

Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

XIII.

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sifter Graces more 15
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some fages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying, 20
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest

Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple fleck; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee, 35
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen

By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state, 60
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plow-man near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures, 70
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bossom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes. 80
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes, 85
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thetys to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead

To

To the tann'd haycock in the mead, 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecs found
To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht and pull'd, she said,
And he by frier's lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, 105
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain

Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend,
There let Hymen oft appear 125
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares, 135
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 140
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice. 150
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

XIV.

I L P E N S E R O S O.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likeliest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
 But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view 15
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauties' praise above 20
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign, 25
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Come,

Come, penfive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And ſable ſtole of Cyprus lawn, 35
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul fitting in thine eyes: 40
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, 45
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure; 50
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence liſt along, 55
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak; 60
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft, the woods among,

I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen 65
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way, 70
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore, 75
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions, hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those Demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent 95
 With planet, or with element.

Sometime

Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride; 115
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trickt and frount as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud. 125
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gulf hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,

With

With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in aery stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloyster's pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd quire below,

In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies, 165
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

XV.

ARCADES*.

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family, who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this Song.

I. SONG.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook:

This,

* This poem is only *part* of an Entertainment, or *Mask*, as it is also intitled in Milton's Manuscript, the rest probably being of a different nature, or composed by a different hand.

This, this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend;
 Here our solemn search hath end.
 Fame, that her high worth to raise,
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse
 Of detraction from her praise;
 Less than half we find exprest,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne,
 Shooting her beams like silver threads:
 This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a Goddess bright,
 In the center of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
 Or the towered Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred Gods;
 Juno dares not give her odds;
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the wood ap-
 pears, and, turning toward them, speaks

G E N I U S.

STAY, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honor sparkle through your eyes;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret fluce
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;

And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honor and devotion meant 35
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead you where ye may more near behold 40
What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from Jove I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower, 45
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapors chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet finites
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, 55
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless; 60
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,

And

And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 65
 And turn the adamantin spindle round,
 On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavnly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mold with gross unpurged ear;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless highth of her immortal praise, 75
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds; yet, as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser Gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where you may all that are of noble stem
 Approach and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been, 85
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof.
 Follow me, 90
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity.
 Such a rural Queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen. 95

III. S O N G.

NYMPHS and Shepherds, dance no more
By fandy Ladon's lilled banks;
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore, 100
A better foil shall give you thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place. 105
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

XVI.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW - CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

The EARL of BRIDGEWATER, then
President of WALES.

THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of
Thyrsis.

COMUS with his crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER,

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

The chief persons who presented were,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

The Mask was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 20th year of our author's age. In the title-page of the first edition, printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented *on Michaelmas night*, and there was this motto,

“Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus austrum
“Perditus —”

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Mask the following dedication.

To the Right Honorable

JOHN Lord Viscount BRACKLY, son and heir apparent
to the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, &c.

MY LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honor from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tir'd my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence.

Live, sweet Lord, to be the honor of your name;
and receive this as your own, from the hands of
him, who hath by many favors been long oblig'd to
your most honor'd parents; and as in this represen-
tation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real
expression

Your faithful and most

humble Servant,

H. LAWES.

A MASK.

A M A S K.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
 Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
 Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
 After this mortal change to her true servants 10
 Amongst the enthron'd Gods on fainted seats,
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of eternity:
 To such my errand is; and but for such, 15
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mold.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary Gods

By

By course commits to several government, 25
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this Ile,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore
Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
And new-intrusted scepter; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from sovran Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defense and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. 45
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds list'd,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe 50
The daughter of the sun? whose charm'd cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth, 55
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom

Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who, ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before, 75
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore when any favor'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: But first I must put off
These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs, 85
Who with his soft-pipe, and smooth dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
Of

Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his
glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters,
headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but other-
wise like men and women, their apparel glistering;
they come in making a riotous and unruly noise,
with torches in their hands.

COM. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day 95
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal 100
Of his chamber in the east.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipfy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie, 110
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove, 115
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And

And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens love.
 Come let us our rites begin, 125
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, 130
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loophole peep 140
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

The MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;
 Our

Our number may affright: Some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long
 Be well-rock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion 155
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust 165
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
 Such as the jocond flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence

Of

Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side 185
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain, 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandering steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night, 195
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the mistle and lonely traveller? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rise, and perfect in my listening ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies 205
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable mens names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, conscience. ---
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity; 215
 I see you visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glittering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honor unassail'd. 220
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 225
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new inliven'd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy aery shell,
 By flow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well; 235
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where, 240

Sweet

Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

COM. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they flote upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 255
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder, 265
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood. 270

LA. Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my fever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
 To give me answer from her mossy couch. [thus?

COM. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you

LA. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COM. Could that divide you from near-ushering
 guides?

LA. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LA. To seek i'th' valley some cool friendly spring.

COM. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

LA. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick
 return.

COM. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

LA. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LA. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

COM. Where they of manly prime, or youthful
 bloom?

LA. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. 290

COM. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 295
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
 Their port was more than human, as they stood
 I took it for a faëry vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300
 And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,
 And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.

LA. Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place? 305

COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LA. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310

COM. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd, 315
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark
From her thatcht pallat rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320
Till further quest.

LA. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 325
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength! Shepherd, lead on. 330

The two BROTHERS.

I BRO. Unmuffle, ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,

Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness and of shades; 335
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long level'd rule of streaming light, 340
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

2 BRO. Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their watled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister, 350
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears. 355
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 BRO. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils: 360
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,

How

How bitter is such self-delusion! 365
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self 375
Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude,
Where with her best nurse contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd. 380
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i'th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 BRO. 'Tis most true, 385
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye, 395
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit

From the rash hand of bold incontinence,
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers' treasure by an out-law's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned Sister.

I BRO. I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy:
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear 410
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My Sister is not so defenseless left
 As you imagin; she' has a hidden strength 415
 Which you remember not.

2 BRO. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

1 BRO. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
 'Tis chastity, me Brother, chastity: 420
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity, 425
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaneer
 Will dare to foil her virgin purity:

Yea

Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty, 430
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time, 435
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity? 440
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; Gods and men 445
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her, 455
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460

The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin, 465
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchers,
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state. 475

2 BRO. How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

1 BRO. List, list, I hear 480
 Some far off hallow break the silent air.

2 BRO. Methought so too; what should it be?

1 BRO. For certain 485
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour wood-man, or, at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 BRO. Heav'n keep my Sister! Again, again, and
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard. [near;

1 BRO. I'll hallow;
 If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
 Defense is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.
 That hallow I should know, what are you? speak; 490
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPI. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak
 again.

2 BRO. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

1 BRO. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft
 delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 495
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500

SPI. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought 505
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

1 BRO. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

SPI. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

1 BRO. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly

SPI. I'll tell you; 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew.
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse, 515
 Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
 Of dire chimera's and enchanted iles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immur'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By fly enticement gives his baneful cup, 525
With many murmur mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmolding reason's mintage
Charácter'd in the face; this have I learnt 530
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 535
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began, 545
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelly,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Gave

Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted flocks,
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep;
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 555
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honor'd Lady, your dear Sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear, 565
 And O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place, 570
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in fly disguise
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 575
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not.

2 BRO. O night and shades, 580
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, Brother?

1 BRO.

I BRO. Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely; not a period 585
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of forcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpris'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd; 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself, 595
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arms of Heaven 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the footy flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms 605
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

SPI. Alas! good ventrous Youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
 Far other arms, and other weapons, must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

I Bro. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd, 615
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

SPI. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken ev'n to extasy, 625
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon; 635
And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp, 640
Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd, 645
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And

And yet came off: if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
 And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
 But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
 Fierce sign of battel make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke, 655
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

I BRO. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us!

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COM. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

I.A. Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n sees good. 665

COM. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.

And

And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd.
Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone 675
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition 685
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

LA. 'Twill not, false traitor, 690
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me! 695
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute? 700
Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,

And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite. 705

COM. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth, 710
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms, 715
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
To deck her sons, and, that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutcht th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with: if all the world 720
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd
And we should serve him as a grudging master, 725
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility, [plumes,
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought
diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735
To

To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

Lift, Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd

With that same vaunted name Virginity.

Beauty is nature's coin, must not be horded,

But must be current, and the good thereof 740

Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,

Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose

It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown 745

In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,

Where most may wonder at the workmanship;

It is for homely features to keep home,

They had their name thence; coarse complexions

And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750

The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.

What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,

Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?

There was another meaning in these gifts,

Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

LA. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips

In this unhallow'd air, but that this jugler

Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,

Obtruding false rules prankt in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bold her arguments, 760

And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,

As if she would her children should be riotous

With her abundance; she, good caterers,

Means her provision only to the good, 765

That live according to her sober laws,

And holy dictate of spare temperance:

If every just man, that now pines with want,

Had but a moderate and befitting share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 770
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd, 775
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the fun-clad power of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery, 785
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginitie,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 795
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by some superior power;

And

And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 805
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810
 But this will cure all strait, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.---

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his
 glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground;
 his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven
 in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

SPI. What, have you let the false inchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand 815
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me, 820
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
 Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,
 That had the scepter from his father Brute.
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit

Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen 830
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her strait to aged Nereus' hall, 835
 Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 840
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the river; still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs 845
 That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift 855
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting 860
 Under

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twilted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
 Listen for dear honor's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake.
 Listen and save.

865

Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wisard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-flipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Syrens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

870

875

880

885

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.
 By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,

890

My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays; 895
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet,
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle Swain, at thy request 900
 I am here,

SPI. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distressed, 905
 Through the force, and through the wile,
 Of unblest inchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity:
 Brightest Lady, look on me; 910
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip? 915
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smeared with gums of glutenous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold;
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour 920
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her seat.

SPI. Virgin daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss 925
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terras round, 935
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the forcerer us entice 940
With some other new device.
Not a waste, or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide, 945
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence, and beside 950
All the swains that near abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,

And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chear; 955
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the
 President's castle; then come in country dancers,
 after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Bro-
 thers and the Lady.

S O N G.

SPI. Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,
 Till next sun-shine holiday;
 Here be without duck or nod 960
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the leas. 965

This second Song presents them to their Father and
 Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
 I have brought you new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own;
 Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth, 970
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance. 975

The

The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air 980
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocond Spring, 985
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring;
 That there eternal Summer dwells,
 And west-winds with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990
 Nard and Cassia's balmy smells,
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her purpled scarf can shew, 995
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd, 1005
 After her wandering labors long,
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Make

Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend, 1015
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach you how to climb 1020
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

XVII.

L Y C I D A S.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend *,
 unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester
 on the Irish seas, 1637, and by occasion foretels the
 ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their highth.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well, 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destin'd urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For

* Mr. Edward King, son of Sir John King Secretary
 for Ireland, a fellow-collegian and intimate friend
 of our author.

For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright, 30
Tow'ard Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering
wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream: 55

Ay me! I fondly dream

Had ye been, for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament, 60

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His goary visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care

To tend the homely flighted shepherd's trade, 65

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amarillis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Næra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spi'rit doth raise 70

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75

And flits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,

Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistering foil

Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies, 80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood, 85

Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

But

But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea
 That came in Neptune's plea; 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellow winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds
 That blows from off each beaked promontory;
 They knew not of his story, 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next Camus, reverend fire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguin flower inscrib'd with woe,
 Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake,
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest; [hold
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least 120
 That

That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What reck's it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
But swell'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace; and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues. 135
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet, 145
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more, 165
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While

While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

XVIII.

The Fifth ODE * of HORACE, Lib. I.

“Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,”

Rendered almost word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odors
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he 5
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant always amiable 10
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful? Hapless they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds 15
 To the stern God of sea.

Q 2

Ad

* First added in the edition of 1673.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio
enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse mi-
feros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,

Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem

5

Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera

Nigris æquora ventis

Emirabitur insolens!

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,

Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem

10

Sperat, nescius auræ

Fallacis? Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer

Votiva paries indicat uvida

Suspendisse potenti

15

Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIX.

On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long
PARLIAMENT*.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate
Lord,

And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,

To seize the widow'd whore Plurality,

From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd

Dare

* This also was first added in the edition of 1673.

Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5

To force our consciences, that Christ set free,

And ride us with a classic hierarchy,

Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?

Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,

Would have been held in high esteem with Paul, 10

Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics

By shallow Edwards and Scotch what-d'ye-call:

But we do hope to find out all your tricks,

Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,

That so the Parliament

May with their wholesome and preventive shears

Clip your phylacteries, though bank your ears,

And succour our just fears,

When they shall read this clearly in your charge,

New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

S O N N E T S.

I.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh; 10
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra fi di fuora 5
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
 La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno 10
 Guardì

Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, 5
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Delta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

Ridonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana, 5
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, & alte onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi

Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore.
Quella e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

15

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s'impiglia,
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

5

10

V.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
Effer non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia;
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a troyar loco

5

10

Tutte

Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante, 5
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

On his being arriv'd to the age of 23.
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My halting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;

All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII.

When the assault was intended to the City.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenseless doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms 5
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a virtuous young Lady.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labor up the hill of heav'nly truth,
The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen
No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10
And

And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

To the Lady Margaret Ley.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee.
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament 5
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them; honor'd Margaret.

XI.

On the detraction which followed upon my writing
 certain treatises.

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 And woven close, both matter, form and stile;
 The subject new; it walk'd the town a while,
 Numbering good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5
 A title-page is this! and some in file

Stand

Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and grasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward
Greek,

XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs 5
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free. 10
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

To Mr. H. LAWES on his *Airs*.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song
First taught our English music how to span

Words

Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng, 5
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;
 To after-age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our tongue.
 Thou honor'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honor thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire, 10
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Me in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV.

On the religious memory of
 Mrs. CATHARINE THOMSON, my christian friend,
 Deceas'd 16 Decem. 1646.

When faith and love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavor 5
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But, as faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and faith, who knew them best,
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

To the Lord General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?) 10
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valor bleed,
 While avarice and rapin share the land.

XVI.

To the Lord General CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud 5
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories 10
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise

Threatning

Threatning to bind our souls with secular chains;
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII.

To Sir HENRY VANE the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
 The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage: besides to know
 Both spiritual pow'r and civil, what each means, 10
 What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
 have done:

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

On the late massacre in Piemont.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd

Mother

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX.

On his blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd?
 I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX.

To Mr. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a fallen day, what may be won
 From

From the hard season gaining? time will run 5
 On smother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise 10
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER *.

Cyriac, whose grandfire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way; 10
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show:
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

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* Son of William Skinner, Esq; and grandson of Sir
 Vincent Skinner; and his mother was Bridget, one
 of the daughters of the famous Sir Edward Coke
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 of the daughters of the famous Sir Edward Coke
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XXII.

To the same.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot!
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, 5
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them overply'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

On his deceased WIFE *.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint 5
 Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have

Full

* This was his second wife, Catharine the daughter of
 Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him
 not above a year after their marriage, and died in
 childbed of a daughter.

Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

XXIV.

On occasion of the PLAGUE in LONDON.

Found on a glass window at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton resided during the continuance of that calamity.

[From Birch's Life.]

Fair mirror of foul times; whose fragile sheen
 Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
 (Aye watching o'er his saints with eye unseen)
 Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
 To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence; 5
 Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
 Who heav'n's lore reject for brutish sense;
 As erst he scourg'd Jeddides' sin of yore,
 For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,
 He sent him war, or plague, or famine fore. 10

P S A L M S.

PSALM I. Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watery streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSAL. II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth up stand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth dwell
 Shall

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th' Heav'n, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full
 low
 With iron scepter bruis'd, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear 25
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay!

P S A L. III. Aug. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say, 5
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,

Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count;
 Aloud I cry'd 10
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou
 Hast smote ere now 20
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare, 5
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great-ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity: 10
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose

Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart 15
(For whom to choose he knows):
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone, 20
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say 25

Who yet will show us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright. 30

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds 35

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where'er I lie; 40

As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah, thou my early voice 5
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight, 10
 Evil with thee no biding makes,
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy fight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly; 15
 The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go
 Into thy house; I in thy fear
 Will tow'rds thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress;
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes;
 For in his faltring mouth unstable 25
 No word is firm or sooth;
 Their inside, troubles miserable;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
 God, find them guilty; let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all

Still

Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favor and good-will. 40

P S A L. VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:
 For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ake, 5
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxes old and dark
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
 prayer,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20

Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

5

Lord, my God, if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace,
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not free'd my foe for nought;

10

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth, and roll
 In the dust my glory dead
 In the dust, and there out-spread
 Lodge it with dishonor foul.

15

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
 Rouse thyself amidst the rage
 Of my foes that urge like fire;
 And wake for me, their fury' asswage;
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command, which I desire.

20

So

So th' assemblies of each nation
Will furround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation. 30

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness 35
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies, 40
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves th' upright of heart at last,

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear, 45
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold 50
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep, 55
 And fell into the pit he made;
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou 5
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set 10
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot, 15
 With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20
 Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
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April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the PSALMS done into Meter,
 Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are
 the very words of the text, translated from the
 original.

P S A L. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's seed;
 That sitst between the Cherubs bright, 5
 Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
 And on our foes thy dread.
 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's fight, 10
 Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen
 To save us by thy might.
 3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
 To us, O God, vouchsafe;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15
 And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord

* *Gnoreria.*

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
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XXII.

* Son of William Skinner, Esq; and grandson of Sir
 Vincent Skinner; and his mother was Bridget, one
 of the daughters of the famous Sir Edward Coke
 Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

XXII.

To the same.

Cyriac, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot!
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year, 5
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them overply'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

On his deceased WIFE *.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint 5
 Purification in the old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have

Full

* This was his second wife, Catharine the daughter of
 Captain Woodcock of Hackney, who lived with him
 not above a year after their marriage, and died in
 childbed of a daughter.

Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

XXIV.

On occasion of the PLAGUE in LONDON.

Found on a glass window at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where Milton resided during the continuance of that calamity.

[From Birch's Life.]

Fair mirror of foul times; whose fragile sheen
 Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence
 (Aye watching o'er his saints with eye unseen)
 Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence,
 To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence; 5
 Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
 Who heav'n's lore reject for brutish sense;
 As erst he scourg'd Jeddides' sin of yore,
 For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,
 He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore. 10

P S A L M S.

PSALM I. Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight, 5
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watery streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all. 10
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just, 15
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSAL. II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth up stand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear? 5
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth dwell
Shall

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell 10

And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree

I will declare; the Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee 15

This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow

Th' Heav'n, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full
 low

With iron scepter bruis'd, and them disperse 20
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.

And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse

With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear 25
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,

If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay!

P S A L. III. Aug. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those

That in arms against me rise!

Many are they

That of my life distrustfully thus say, 5
 No help for him in God there lies.

But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,

R 3

Thee

Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count;
 Aloud I cry'd 10
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou
 Hast smote ere now 20
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. Aug. 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large; now spare, 5
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great-ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity: 10
 To love, to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose

Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart 15
(For whom to choose he knows):
Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone, 20
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say 25

Who yet will show us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favor of thy count'nance bright. 30

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds 35

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where'er I lie; 40

As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

PSAL. V. Aug. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah, thou my early voice

5

Shalt in the morning hear,

I' th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight,

10

Evil with thee no biding makes,

Fools or mad men stand not within thy fight.

All workers of iniquity

Thou hat'st; and them unblest

Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly;

15

The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.

But I will in thy mercies dear,

Thy numerous mercies, go

Into thy house; I in thy fear

Will tow'ards thy holy temple worship low.

20

Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,

Lead me because of those

That do observe if I transgress;

Set thy ways right before, where my step goes;

For in his faltring mouth unstable

25

No word is firm or sooth;

Their inside, troubles miserable;

An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.

God, find them guilty; let them fall

By their own counsels quell'd;

30

Push them in their rebellions all

Still

Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.

Then all who trust in thee shall bring

Their joy, while thou from blame

Defend'st them, they shall ever sing 35

And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.

For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found

To bless the just man still,

As with a shield thou wilt surround

Him with thy lasting favor and good-will. 40

PSAL. VI. Aug. 13, 1653.

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,

Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;

Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,

And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:

For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ake, 5

Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,

And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord, restore

My soul, O save me for thy goodness' sake:

For in death no remembrance is of thee;

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10

Wearied I am with sighing out my days,

Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;

My bed I water with my tears; mine eye

Through grief consumes, is waxes old and dark

I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15

Depart all ye that work iniquity,

Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping

The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
prayer,

My supplication with acceptance fair

The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20

Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

5

Lord, my God, if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace,
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not free'd my foe for nought;

10

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth, and roll
 In the dust my glory dead
 In the dust, and there out-spread
 Lodge it with dishonor foul.

15

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
 Rouse thyself amidst the rage
 Of my foes that urge like fire;
 And wake for me, their fury' asswage;
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command, which I desire.

20

So

So th' assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation. 30

Judge me, Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness 35
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies, 40
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear, 45
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold 50
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mold
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep, 55
 And fell into the pit he made;
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep. 60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. Aug. 14, 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou 5
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,
 That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set 10
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
 Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot, 15
 With honor and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet, 20

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the PSALMS done into Meter,
 Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are
 the very words of the text, translated from the
 original.

P S A L. LXXX.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's seed;
 That sitst between the Cherubs bright, 5
 Between their wings out-spread,
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
 And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight, 10
 Awake * thy strength, come, and be seen
 To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, thy grace divine
 To us, O God, vouchsafe;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine, 15
 And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord

* *Gnoreræ.*

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy * smoking wrath, and angry brow
 Against thy people's prayer! 20

5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them † largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey 25
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themselves they || laugh, they || play,
 And || flouts at us they throw.

7 Return us, and thy grace divine,
 O God of Hosts, vouchsafe; 30
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.

8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
 Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, proud and haught, 35
 To plant this lovely vine.

9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it began to grow apace,
 And fill'd the land at last, 40

10 With her green shade that cover'd all,
 The hills were over-spread,
 Her boughs as high as cedars tall
 Advanc'd their lofty head.

11 Her branches on the western side 45
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And upward to that river wide
 Her other branches went.

12 Why

* Gnashanta. † Shalish. || Filgnagu.

- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence, 50
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food 55
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, Gods of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* vine. 60
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire, 65
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be laid, 70
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame,
Quicken us thou, then gladly we 75
Shall call upon thy Name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine.*
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe. 80

P S A L. LXXXI.

- 1 **T**O God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God our King,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song, 5
The timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,
And harp *with pleasant string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon
With trumpets' *lofty sound,* 10
- Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*
For Israel *to observe,*
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,* 15
From whence they might not sever.
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange. 20
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assail, 25
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.
- I answer'd thee in * *thunder deep*
With clouds *incompass'd round;* 30
I try'd

* *Be Sether vagnam.*

I try'd thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.

8 Hear, O my People, *hearken well*,
I testify to thee,

Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,

Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;

Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*
Nor hearken to my voice;

And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,
Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;

Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.

13 O that my people would *be wise*,
To serve me *all their days*,

And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous ways*.

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,

And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,

But *they, his people, should remain,*

Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*

65

With flower of finest wheat,

And satisfy them from the rock

With honey for their meat.

P S A L. LXXXII.

1 **G**OD in the * great * assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states.

† Among the Gods, † on both his hands
He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye ‡ pervert the right

5

With ‡ judgment false and wrong,

Favoring the wicked *by your might,*

Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 || Regard the || weak and fatherless,

|| Dispatch the || poor man's cause,

10

And ** raise the man in deep distress

*By ** just and equal laws.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,

And rescue from the hands

Of wicked men the low estate

15

Of him that help demands.

5 They know not, nor will understand,

In darkness they walk on,

The earth's foundations all are †† mov'd,

And †† out of order gone.

20

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all

The sons of God most high;

7 But

* *Bagnadath-el.*

† *Bekerev.*

‡ *Tishpbetu guavel.*

|| *Shiphtu-dal.*

** *Hatzdiku.*

†† *Jimmotu.*

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.

8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might*, 25
This *wicked* earth * redress,

For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace;
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.

2 For lo thy *furious* foes now † swell, 5
And † storm outrageously,
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they ‡ contrive
|| Their plots and counsels deep, 10

** Them to insnare they chiefly strive,
†† Whom thou dost hide and keep.

4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be,
That Israel's name for ever may 15
Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult ‡‡ with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind. 20

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of scornful Ishmael,

S 2

Moab,

* *Shiphtha.* † *Jehemajun.* ‡ *Jaguarimu.* || *Sod.*

** *Firthjaghatsfu gual.* †† *Tsephaneca.* ‡‡ *Lev jachdan.*

- Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell;
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,* 25
And hateful Amalec,
 The Philistins, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Ashur also bands
And doth confirm the knot: 30
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
 To Sisera, and as is told 35
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old,
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain. 40
 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed,
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna bled,
So let their princes bleed.
- 12 For they amidst their pride have said, 45
By right now seize shall we
 God's houses, and will now invade
** Their stately palaces.*
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find, 50
Giddy and restless let them reel
Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,

The

* Neoth Elohim bears both.

The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher 55
 Till all the mountains blaze;
 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;
 16 * And till they * yield thee honor due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face. 60
 17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,
 Troubled, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name 65
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

P S A L. LXXXIV.

1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
 2 My soul doth long and almost die 5
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see:
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee,
 3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*
 Hath found a house of rest; 10
 The swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,
 Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,

S 3

And

* They seek thy Name. Heb.

- And home they fly from round the coasts* 15
Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 *Happy, who in thy house reside,*
Where thee they ever praise:
- 5 *Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,*
And in their hearts thy ways. 20
- 6 *They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,*
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 *They journey on from strength to strength* 25
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.
- 8 *Lord God of Hosts, hear now my prayer;*
O Jacob's God, give ear, 30
- 9 *Thou God our shield, look on the face*
Of thy anointed dear.
- 10 *For one day in thy courts to be*
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity 35
A thousand days at best.
- I in the temple of my God*
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents, and rich abode,
With sin for evermore. 40
- 11 *For God the Lord both sun and shield*
Gives grace and glory bright,
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 *Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,* 45
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest. PSAL.

P S A L. LXXXV.

- 1 **T**HY land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive 5
That wrought thy people woe,
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And *calmly* didst return 10
 From thy * fierce wrath, which we had prov'd
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
 Turn us, and us restore,
 Thine indignation cause to cease 15
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus,
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us? 20
- 6 Wilt thou not † turn, and *hear our voice,*
 And us again † revive,
 That so thy people may rejoice,
 By thee preserv'd alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord, 25
 To us thy mercy shew;
 Thy saving health to us afford,
 And life in us renew.

S 4

3 And

* Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*† Heb. *Turn to quicken us.*

- 8 *And now what God the Lord will speak,*
I will go strait and hear, 30
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints full dear,
To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, but surcease 35
To trespass as before.
- 9 *Surely to such as do him fear*
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land, 40
- 10 *Mercy and Truth that long were miss'd*
Now joyfully art met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 *Truth from the earth, like to a flower,* 45
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.
- 12 *The Lord will also then bestow*
Whatever thing is good, 50
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food.
- 13 *Before him Righteousness shall go*
His royal harbinger;
*Then * will he come, and not be slow,* 55
His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

P S A L. LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me, *I thee pray*,

For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay*,

2 Preserve my soul, for * I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just;

Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4, O make rejoice

Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*.

5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all

Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call,

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry

Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously,

7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;

For thou wilt grant me *free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.

8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works

Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works,

9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*

S 5

30
To

* Heb, *I am good, loving, a doer of good and holy things.*

To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,

Thou *in thy everlasting seat*

Remainest God alone.

35

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,

To fear thy name my heart unite,

So shall it never slide.

40

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honor and adore

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou hast free'd my soul,

45

Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,

From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met

50

To seek my life, and in their eyes

No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,

Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*

55

Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,

Unto thy servant give thy strength,

And save thy handmaid's son.

60

17 Some sign of good to me afford,

And let my foes *then* see,

And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,

Dost help and comfort me.

PSAL.

P S A L. LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more 5
 Than all the dwellings fair
 Of Jacob's land, *though there be store,*
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things 10
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,* 15
 Lo this man there was born:
 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast. 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,
 When he the nations doth inroll,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance, 25
With sacred songs are there,
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD God, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry;
 And all night long before thee weep,
 Before thee prostrate lie.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer
 With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
 Thine ear with favor bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
 My life at death's uncheerful door
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the dismal pit,
 I am a * man, but weak alas,
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead to sleep,
 And like the slain in bloody fight
 That in the grave lie deep.
- Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
 Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit profound
 Hast set me all forlorn,
 Where thickest darkness hovers round,
 In horrid deeps to mourn.
- 7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
 Full sore doth press on me;

* Thou

* Heb. A man without manly strength.

* Thou break'st upon me all thy ways,

* And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change,*

35

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

40

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,

Shall the deceas'd arise

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*

With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell

45

On whom the grave hath hold,

Or they who in perdition dwell,

Thy faithfulness unfold?

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand

Or wondrous acts be known,

50

Thy justice in the gloomy land

Of dark oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,

Ere yet my life be spent,

And up to thee my prayer doth hie,

55

Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,

And hide thy face from me?

15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake

With terror sent from thee?

60

Brais'd,

* The Hebr. bears both.

† Heb. *Præ Concussione.*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,

65

The threatnings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far:

70

They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on PSAL. CXIV.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son
After long toil their liberty had won,

And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,

Led by strength of the Almighty's hand,

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,

5

His praise and glory was in Israel known.

That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,

And sought to hide his froth-becurled head

Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,

As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.

10

The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams

Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.

Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?

Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?

Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast

15

Of

Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

P S A L. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies ay indure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure,

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of Gods he is the God;
 For his &c.

5

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
 For his &c.

10

Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
 For his &c.

15

Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
 For his &c.

20

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watry plain.
 For his &c.

Who

Who by his all-commanding might 25
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his &c.

And caus'd the golden-treſſed ſun, 30
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his &c.

The horned moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſilters bright.
For his &c.

He with his thunder-claſping hand
Smote the firſt-born of Egypt land.
For his &c. 40

And in deſpite of Pharao fell,
He brought from thence his Iſrael.
For his &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain 45
Of the Erythræan main.
For his &c.

The floods ſtood ſtill like walls of glaſs,
While the Hebrew bands did paſs. 50
For his &c.

But full ſoon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.
For his &c.

His

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his &c.

60

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his &c.

65

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his &c.

70

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his &c.

75

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For his &c.

80

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his &c.

85

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth. 90
For his &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay indure, 95
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI
LONDINENSIS
POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigefimum
conferipfit.

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HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CEDE Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio.

Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido

Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde;
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle

Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
In Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permessso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del fig. Antonio Francini gentiluomo
Fiorentino.

JOANNI

JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINENSIS,

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIR O qui multa peregrinatione, studia cuncta orbis
terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia
ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic re
viviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus
infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et
plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos
intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admira-
tionem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique
auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed *
venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia;
in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; har-
monicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus astronomia
duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per
quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia
legenti antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eru-
ditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

T 5

Exqui-

* vastitate. Edit. 1645.

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis fatis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

Elegia prima ad CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas;
 Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
 Vergivium prono quâ petit anne salum.
 Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas 5
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidèle caput,
 Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri 15
 Caeteraque ingenio non subeunda meo,
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi.
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
 Lætus et exilii conditione fruor. 20
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro!
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis, 25
 Et

Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos,
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores 35
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiose Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amator inest: 40
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili, 45
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe lateamus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas, 55
Atque faces quotquot volvit vterque polus;
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,

Et

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 60
Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ, 65
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Rômuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis. 70
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimirum felix intra tua mœnia claudis 75
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant atra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque aurôque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roseam post habitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci, 85
Mœnia quàm subito linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ. 90

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 Multum crede juvat terras aluisse remotas 5
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidèle caput,
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
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 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10
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Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimirum felix intra tua mœnia claudis 75
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant atra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque aurôque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias. 80
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roseam post habitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci, 85
Mœnia quàm subitò relinquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ marmur adire Scholæ. 90

Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis 5
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea. 10
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei 15
 Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis. 20
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegia tristes,
 Personet et totis nœnia mœsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum * Præfulis Wintoniensis.

Mœstus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago

Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.

Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis: 10
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.

At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
 Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar, 15

Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa, 20
 Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?

Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis, 25

Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?

Nobi

* Lancelot Andrews, who died Sept. 21, 1626.

Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ? 30
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerferat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili, 35
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent. 40
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoï, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos, 45
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoríferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50
 Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos, 55
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60

Quisque

Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;
 Nate, veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ, 65
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA, Annō Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud in-
 catores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris mu-
 nere fungentem,

CURRE per immensum subito mea littera pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstat eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantei carcere ventos 5
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cœruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Elenfinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ, 15
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Chriisticolas pascere doctus oves:

Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20
Hei mi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno, 25
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlorigenilem 35
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipse vides. 40
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora charo suo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas, 45
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: 50

Hæc

Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit 55
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe farissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis 65
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor. 70
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo, 75
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit & ærisonam Diva perosa tubam, 80
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.

Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, 85
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, 95
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talis & horridono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergeffæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;

Inque

Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furo, & sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli, 15
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatū,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deūm;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, contabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25
 Instituis modulos, dum fiet omne nemus:
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, & hoc subeat Musa * perennis opus. 30
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes 35
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
 Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officiū fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere,

* quotannis. Edit. 1645.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro? 50
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis! 60
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effulos ut erat redimita capillos 65
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent stamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80

Te tamen intereâ belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates, 85
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, & faxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90
 Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris, 95
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100
 Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis, 105
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;

Inque

Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras 115

Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120

Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,

Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,

Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;

Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis, 125

Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro

Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;

Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,

Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.

Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires, 5

Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?

Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo

(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.

Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,

Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt; 10

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,

Et furo, & sonitus me facer intus agit.

Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro

Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.

Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli, 15

Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, contabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis 25
 Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus:
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canet.
 Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, & hoc subeat Musa * perennis opus. 30
 Jam sol Æthiôpas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes 35
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
 Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit 45
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Desere,

* quotannis. Edit. 1645.

Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro? 50
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam, 55
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, & ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis! 60
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effulos ut erat redimita capillos 65
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent stamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt 75
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiiis recipit Cærule mater aquis?

Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſalo?

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ, 85
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.

Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas. 90

Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;

Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.

Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores; 95
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.

Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.

Inſonare novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela coruſca novo. 100

Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaffe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.

Ipoſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.

Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes, 105
Littus io Hymen, & cava ſaxa ſonant.

Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.

Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus. 110

Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

Nunc

Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua fidera cantu, 115
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120
Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan, 125
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consult in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque ubi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris 135
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, & sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat & nostro serior umbra polo. 140

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes,
 At tua quid nostram prolestat Musa camœnam,
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque, §
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
 Nam neque noîter amor modulis includitur arctis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
 Quam bene solemnes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum. 10
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poësin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos, 15
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucæ
 Mistæ Thyoneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
 Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat: 20
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum
 Cantavit brevibus Tēia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus, 25
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30
Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te 35
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum, 45
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos; 50
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis.
Sæpius & veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto sub Jove cœlum, 55
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,

Et

Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphæ catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta Juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus,
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis 65
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanca, senemque
Orpheon edomitæ sola per antra feris; 70
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada scemineis infidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas rex iine domos, ubi sanguine nigro 75
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
Fausaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
Vagiturque Dei, & stabulantem paupere tecto
Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.

Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

ELEGIA SEPTIMA, Anno Ætatis 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.

Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,

Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen Amor.

Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas, 5

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.

Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,

Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?

Non valet in fortes ista phæretra viros. 10

Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras

Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.

Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ

Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem, 15

Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.

Astât Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,

Prodidit astantem mota phæretra Deum:

Prodidit & facies, & dulce mimantis ocelli,

Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit. 20

Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo

Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;

Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas

Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.

Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares, 25

Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.

Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit,

Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.

Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30
Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum, 35
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes. 40
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tna non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ, 45
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50
Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat, 55
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60

Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido, 65
Solutus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facies à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Infilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis: 70
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intus flammaque totus eram.
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat, 75
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat. 80
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,
Inter lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores 85
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coram tristia verba loqui;
Forfitan & duro non est adamante creata,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces. 90
Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.

Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus, 95
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans: 100
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error, 105
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umibrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra geli. 110
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
 Fallor? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria coeli, 5
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liqueit Iordanos turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentasti cœlo donâsse Iäcobum
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit 5
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter. 10

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
 Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne, 5
 Supplicium spreta relligione dabis.
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis! 10
 Nam prope Tartareo sublimè rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

In eandem.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque finu,
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem bombardæ.

I Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

A Ngelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

A Ltera Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
 Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
 Quamvis Dirçæo torfisset lumina Pentheæ
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.

Ad

Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ 5
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

* Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Haftenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo, 5
 Mota solo assueto, protenus aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo! 10
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc periire mihi & fœtus & ipse parens.

E L E G I A R U M F I N I S.

* Added in the Edit, 1673.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In obitum * Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iäpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro 5
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique;

Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules 10
 Nefli venenatus cruore

Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit 15
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si tritte fatum verba Hecatæia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ. 20

Numen-

* Dr. John Goflyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarum herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
Iæsisset & nec te Philyreie 25
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria.
Nec puppe iustrasses Charontis 35
Horribiles barathri recessus,
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis. 40
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci, 45
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat 5
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles, 10
 Participes regni post funera incesta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat & invicem in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace, 15
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hoc cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleris corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris 20
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illumi, & somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus coeruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva 25
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30
 At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,

Quod-

Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur; 35
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus,
Iguescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, istaque cuspide cuspis
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hætenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis; 45
Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Apenninus erat, prisciue Sabini, 50
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem, 55
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65

Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70

Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 75
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)

At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus

Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constringit fune salaces,

Tarda fenestratæ figens vestigia calceis, 85

Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo

Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,

Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis

Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90

Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;

Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?

Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex

Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 95

Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britannii:

Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar adorat,

Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,

Turgen-

Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit, 100
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperix disiectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella. 105
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cuius gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est; 115
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævofque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quisquâ mne tuorum
Audebit summi non iussa faceffere Papæ?
Perculsofque metu subito, casûque stupentes 125
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. 130
Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amictus

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata * revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Efferra quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
His Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145
Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calunnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat. 150
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes; & retrò lumina vertunt;
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles 155
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160
Tatareoque leves dissilentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ

Consi-

* forsan --- resolvens.

Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.

Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

165

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra 170

Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ

Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris

Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ, 175

Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:

Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;

Qualiter instrepitant circum malætralia bombis

Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,

Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 180

Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,

Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,

Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.

Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ 185

Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,

Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,

Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.

Ittis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe

Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:

190

Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linqvis

Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax

Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes

Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195

Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit

Carminē

Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmissso alloquitur, terræque tremante: 200
Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iacobo?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis ante fugax stridentes induit alas, 205
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit: 210
Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis 215
Insidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique senes pariter tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto 220
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum * Præfulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo iusta persolvi rogo 5
 Wintoniensis Præfulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos 10
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus 15
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcius 20
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobolén suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos 25
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita? 30

Non

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5, 1626.

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors altra Noctis filia,

Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,

Vastove nata sub Chao:

Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei

Messes ubique colligit;

Animasque mole carneâ reconditas

In lucem & auras evocat;

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem

Themidos Jovisque filiæ;

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:

At iusta raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,

Sedesque subterraneas.

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito

Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilesque faustus inter milites

Ad astra sublimis feror:

Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex

Auriga currus ignei

Non me Bootis terruere lucidi

Sarraca tarda frigore, aut

Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,

Non ensis Orion tuus.

Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,

Longéque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum, siderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, & regiam crySTALLINAM, &
Stratum sinaragdis atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat

65

Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-
fundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum

Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni

5

Affimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo

Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis

Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater

Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?

10

Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas

Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque

Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus

Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?

15

Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces

Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto

Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?

Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo

Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu

20

Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ

Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;

Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon

Deturbato

Deturbato sacro cecidit de limine cœli?

Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati 25

Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ

Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampada Nereus,

Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.

Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæini

Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30

Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,

In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris

Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit

Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35

Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.

Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;

Raptat & ambitos fociâ vertigine cœlos.

Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim

Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40

Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat.

Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras

Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ

Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.

Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis 45

Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo

Manè vocans, & serus agens in pascua cœli,

Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.

Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,

Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50

Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore

Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.

Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,

Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos

Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori

Rex.

Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.

Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum 65
 Ibit cunctarum series iustissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles
 intellexit.

Dicite sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis, 5
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei? 10
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci; 15
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,

Citinúmve terris incolit lunæ globum:
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas: 20
 Siye in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput
 Atlante major portitore siderum.
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit 25
 Dirceus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, 30
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus 35
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis. 5
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptiùs à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint

Respon-

Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis 10
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro, 15
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & femina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ. 20
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmines sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum, 30
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, 35
Nunc quoque fidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit fibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In obitum * Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro 5
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules 10
 Nefsi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit 15
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si tritte fatum verba Hecatæia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virgâ. 20

Numen-

* Dr. John Goflyn, Master of Caius college, and the King's Professor of physic, who died when he was a second time Vice-Chancellor in October 1626.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarum herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
Iæsisset & nec te Philyreie 25
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec fine gloria.
Nec puppe iustrasses Charontis 35
Horribiles barathri recessus,
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis. 40
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci, 45
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elyfio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JA M pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat 5
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles, 10
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace, 15
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hoc cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum scelerî corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia tigris 20
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illumi, & somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
 Cinctus cœruleæ fumantî turbine flammæ.
 Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva 25
 Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ. 30
 At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,

Quod-

Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur; 35
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Tiphœus,
Ignescent oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, iætaque cuspide cuspis
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo 40
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis; 45
Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines, à parte sinistra
Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini, 50
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem, 55
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt submissio poplite reges,
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes. 60
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho, 65

Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello, 70
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætēque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter 75
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)

At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis, 80

Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrixit fune falaces,

Tarda fenestratæ figens vestigia calceis, 85
Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis

Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90

Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?

Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe, 95

Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:

Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,

Turgen-

Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit, 100
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiae disiectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella. 105
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cuius gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceffes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est; 115
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120
Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub iinis,
Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quisquàmne tuorum
Audebit summi non iussa faceffere Papæ?
Perculsofque metu subito, casûque stupentes 125
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis. 130
Dixit & adscitos ponens malefidus amiætus

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas

Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;

Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati 135

Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;

Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,

Nocturnos visus, & somnia grata * revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,

Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamenta tecti, 140

Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,

Efferra quos uno peperit Discordia partu.

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,

Ossa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;

His Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis, 145

Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calunnia fauces,

Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,

Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,

Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes

Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat. 150

Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri

Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,

Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris

Diffugiunt fontes; & retrò lumina vertunt;

Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles 155

Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus occiduis circumfusus incolit æquor

Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit

Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:

Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160

Tatareoque leves dissilentur pulvere in auras

Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,

Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ

Conf-

* forsan --- resolvens.

Consilii focios adhibete, operisque ministros.

Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

165

Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra 170

Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas;

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ

Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris

Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Offæ.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ, 175

Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:

Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;

Qualiter instrepitant circum malætralia bombis

Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,

Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 180

Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,

Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,

Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.

Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ 185

Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,

Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,

Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.

Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe

Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:

190

Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis

Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax

Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes

Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195

Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit

Carminē

Carmine tam longo, fervati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmissso alloquitur, terræque tremante: 200
Fama files? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova ſceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et ſatis ante fugax ſtridentes induit alas, 205
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temefæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit: 210
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoresque addit ſcleris, nec garrula cæcis 215
Infidiis loca ſtructa filet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Eſcœtique ſenes pariter tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto 220
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum * Præfulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo iusta persolvi rogo 5
 Wintoniensis Præfulis.
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,
 Populosque Neptuno fatos 10
 Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus 15
 Ebulliebat fervida,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,
 Graiusque vates parcius 20
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobolên suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos 25
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque & irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita? 30

Non

* Nicholas Felton who died October 5, 1626.

Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,

Mors altra Noctis filia,

Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,

Vastove nata sub Chao:

Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei

35

Messes ubique colligit;

Animasque mole carneâ reconditas

In lucem & auras evocat;

Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem

Themidos Jovisque filiæ;

40

Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris:

At iusta raptat impios

Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,

Sedesque subterraneas.

Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito

45

Fœdum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilesque faustus inter milites

Ad astra sublimis feror:

Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex

Auriga currus ignei

50

Non me Bootis terruere lucidi

Sarraca tarda frigore, aut

Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,

Non ensis Orion tuus.

Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,

55

Longèque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos

Frænis dracones aureis.

Erraticorum, siderum per ordines,

Per lacteas vehor plagas,

60

Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,

Donec nitentes ad fores

Ventum est Olympi, & regiam crySTALLINAM, &
Stratum FINARAGDIS atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis EFFARI queat

65

Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in eternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
AVIA mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-
fundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!

Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum

Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni

5

Affimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo

Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis

Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater

Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?

10

Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas

Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque

Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus

Esuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?

15

Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces

Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto

Exemisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?

Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo

Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu

20

Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ

Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;

Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon

Deturbato

Deturbato sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati 25
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampada Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæini
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
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At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris
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Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo 35
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambitos fociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat.
Nec foveat effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis 45
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori

Rex.

Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.

Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti 60
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet & puer ille decorem
 Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
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 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini, 30
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
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Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet.
Carmines sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ; 25
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum, 30
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes, 35
Nunc quoque fidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
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Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago

Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Ilyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines, 45
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, & alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit, 50
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Sylvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes. 55

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres. 60
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti, 65
 Dividuūque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut fimules teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certaue condendi fulget spes aurea nummi: 70
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secetibus altis
 Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ 75

Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant 80
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisi quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstius loquitur mysteria vates. 85
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluis aër,
 Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube, 90
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perûianaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse 95
 Jupiter, excepto, donâset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ, 105
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,

Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus, 115
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini supereffe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis ævo. 120

PRAL. CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες ἔδ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβ
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον
Δὴ τότε μένον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἱες ἴδ' αἶ.
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντραπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσαν
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἐτυφελίχθη 5
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
ὧς κριοὶ σφριγόντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἄλῳ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐρίπναι,
Ὅτ' αὖ παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύγ' αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐτυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέουσθε 15
ὧς κριοὶ σφριγόντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἄλῳ;
Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμμεῖς ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
Ὅτ' αὖ παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο γαῖα τρέσσει Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα

Γαῖα Θεὸν τρεῖς ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,
 κρήνηντ' ἀεναὸν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσεως,

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum &
 infontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat,
 τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit.

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ δλέσης με τὸν ἐννομον, ἢ δέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
 ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
 * Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῆ.
 Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πύλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ δλέσσης.

In effigiei eius Sculptorem †.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χεὶρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
 φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι
 Γελᾶτε φαύλῃ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφῃ.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

S C A Z O N T E S.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cum decentes flava Dæiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adesdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camcena nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis.

Y 4

Hæc

* Μὰψ αὐτῶς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα χρόνῳ μάλα πολλὸν ὀδυρῆ,
 Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πόλεως — Edid. 1645.

† Added in the Edition of 1673.

Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10
Polique tractum, (pessimus vbi ventorum,
Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ 15
Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat. 20
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phoebe, morborum terror
Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan 25
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Spam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans. 35
Tumidusque & ipse Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum, 40
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portunni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manfo —

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia profecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudæ
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus ho-
Post Galli cineres, & Mæcenatis Hetrusci. [nore,
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ, 5
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum, 10
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Offa tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit,
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici, 15
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, & nec pia cessant

Officia in tumultu, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
 Amborum genus, & varia sub sorte peractam 20
 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
 Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
 Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum 25
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos 30
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Quà Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
 Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo, 35
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40
 Misimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ 45
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Ioxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,

Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas: 55
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;
Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60
Irriguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta
Peneïum prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad cytheræ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo 65
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet 70
Nascentem, & miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos, 75
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vicens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ, 85

Annorumque fatur cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna. 90
 Forsitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri,
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego coëlicolùm semotus in æthera divum, 95
 Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
 Quantum fata sinant) & tota mente serenum
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae pastores, eadem
 studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui pluri-
 mum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de-
 obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea
 reversus, & rem ita esse * comperto, se, suamque
 solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem
 sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe
 Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera
 Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris
 virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin
 & Hylan,
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen:

Quas

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduus exercuit antra querelis, 5
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi fergebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum,
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
At ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo, 15
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Coepit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina coelo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon! 20
Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum. 25

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
Palladiasque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit

Officia in tumultu, cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
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 Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
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Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas: 55
At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadae coelo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes;
Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60
Irriguos inter saltus frondosaeque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi saepe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad cytherae strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
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Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum,
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
At ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo, 15
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te inmiti rapuerunt funere Damon! 20
Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum. 25

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo 30
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 35
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus

Hærebit

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, & per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis? 40
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit 45
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus, at malus auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni. 50
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus, 55
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus 60
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quam cultu mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo, 65
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphisibæus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas, 70
 Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,

Hic

Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat, 75
(Et callebat avium linguas, & fidera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
Saturei grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo. 80

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vocat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrsi futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
Illa choros, lususque leves, & semper amorem 85
Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vocat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Ægle
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti; 90
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales 95
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum 100
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu. 105

Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
 Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ 110
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignatas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam, 115
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes! 120
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenus, 125
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thufcus tu quoque Damon,
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba, 130
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ, 135
 Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140
 Dum solus teneros clauderam Cratibus hædos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura 145
 Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
 Imus? & argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
 Aut ad aquas Colui, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat 155
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluisse tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedere sylvæ. 160
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennumque Arvigarumque duces, priscumque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos; 165
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla

Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legal Uia, & potor Alauni, 175
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
 Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
 Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180
 Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
 In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver, 185
 Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
 Cœruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus, 190
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor pictæque in nube pharetræ,
 Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes 195
 Impiger, & pronos nunquam collinat ad ictus
 Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes Inbrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret,
 Sanctâque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus? 200
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroûmque animas inter, divosque perennes, 205
 Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat

Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu nolter eris Damon, five æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti 210
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona, 215
 Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia thyrsos.

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,
 OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo
 mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca
 publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminâ,
 Munditiæque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim, 5
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit
 Insons populi, barbitoque devius
 Indulsi patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?

Cum tu missus ab urbe,

15

Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,

Illustre tendebas iter

Thamesis ad incunabula

Coerulei patris,

Fontes ubi limpidi

20

Aonidum, thyasusque sacer

Orbi notus per immensos

Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,

Celeberque futurus in ævum;

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo

25

Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem

(Si satis noxas luimus priores,

Mollique luxu degener otium)

Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,

Almaque revocet studia sanctus,

30

Et relegatas sine sede Musas

Jam penè totis finibus Angligenum;

Immundasque volucres

Unguibus imminentes

Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,

35

Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ

Fide, vel oscitantiâ

Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,

Seu quis te teneat specus,

40

Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili

Callo tereris infitoris insulsi,

Iatate

Iætare felix, en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

45

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roûsius fui
 Optat peculi, numeróque iusto
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
 Téque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præsidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quàm cui præfuit Iôn
 Clarus Erechtheides
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Aëtæâ genitus Creüsâ.

50

55

60

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amcenos,
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit
 Delo posthabitâ,
 Bifidòque Parnassî jugo:
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici,
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

65

70

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentum prava faceffet;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit integro sinu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
 Roûsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè
 respondeant, ita tamen secuinus, commodè legendi
 potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ
 σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt Spon-
 dæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo
 loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Ad CHRISTINAM Suecorum Reginam nomine
Cromwelli *.

B Ellipotens Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

TRANSLATION, from TOLAND'S Life of MILTON.

B RIGHT martial maid, queen of the frozen zone,
The northern pole supports thy shining throne;
Behold what furrows age and steel can plow,
The helmet's weight oppress'd this wrinkled brow.
Through fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands:
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns.

A FRAG-

* These verses were sent to Christina Queen of Sweden with Cromwell's picture, and are by some ascribed to Andrew Marvel, as by others to Milton: but I should rather think they were Milton's, being more within his province as Latin Secretary.

A FRAGMENT, from the Italian;

Addressed to a young Lady, at Florence, who did not
understand English.

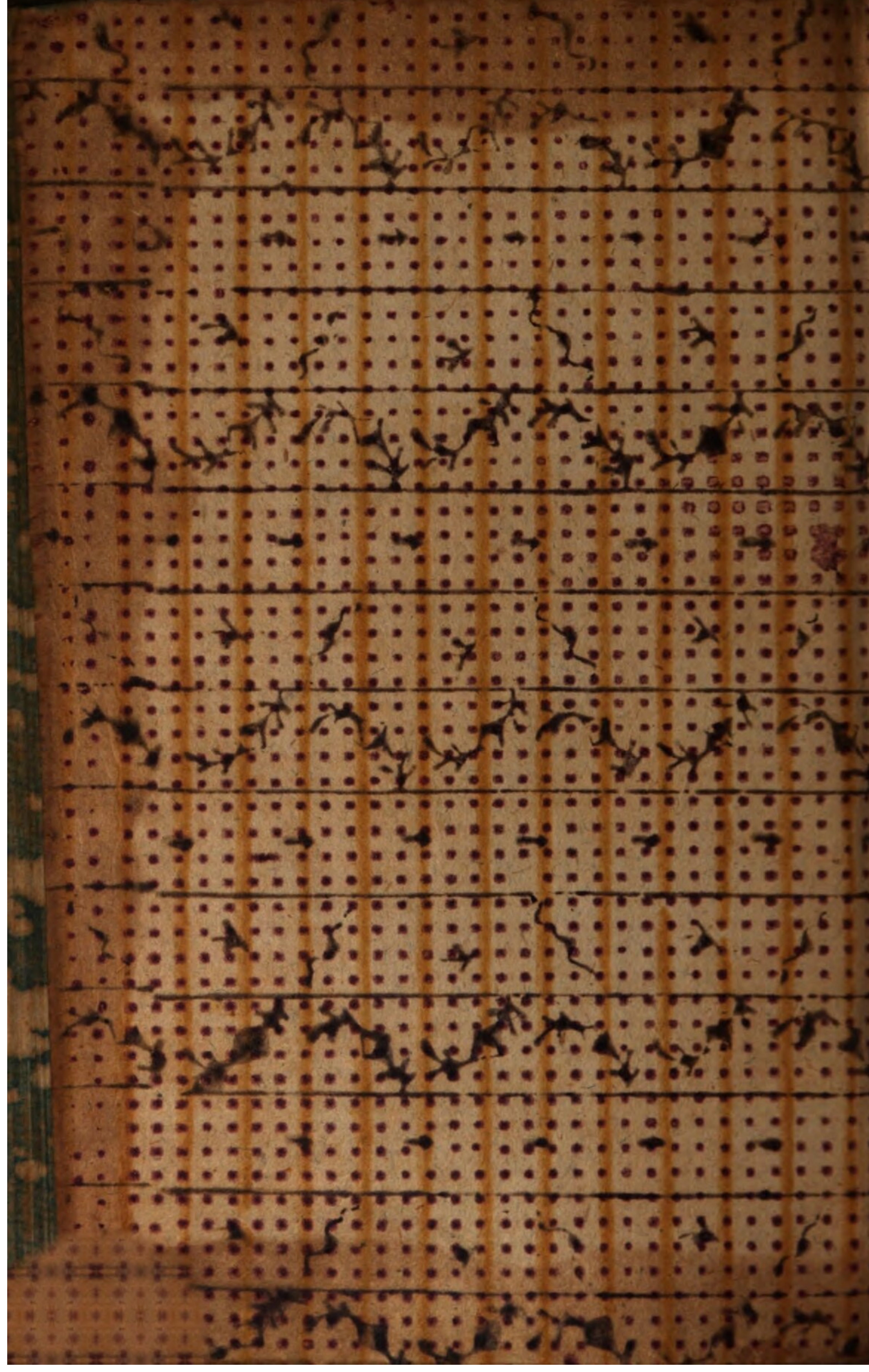
WHEN, in your language, I, unskill'd, address
The short-pac'd efforts of a trammel'd Muse;
Soft Italy's fair critics round Me press,
And my mistaking passion thus accuse.

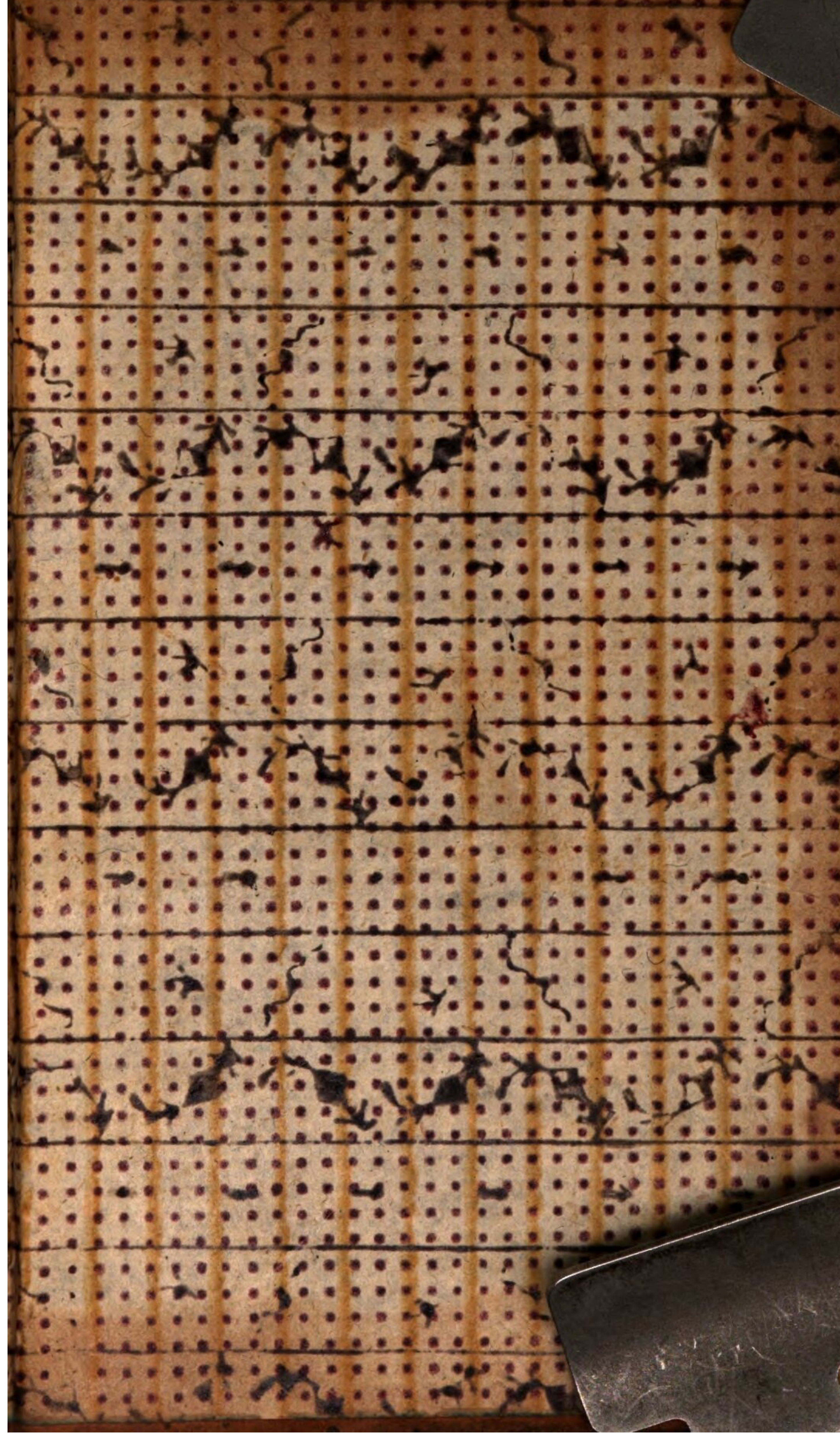
Why, to our tongue's disgrace, does thy dumb love
Strive, in rough sound, soft meaning to impart?
He must select his words who speaks to move,
And point his purpose at the hearer's heart,

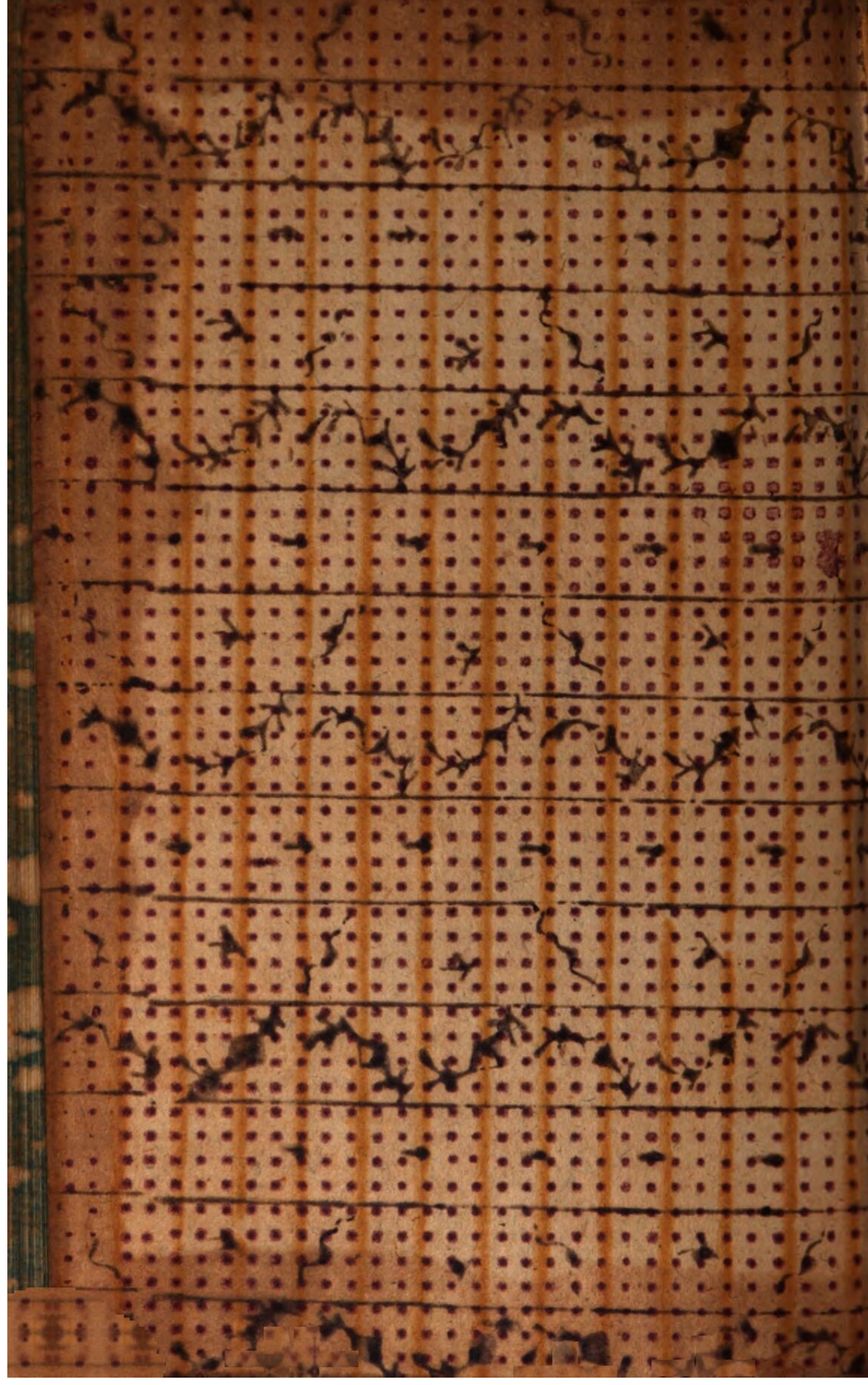
Then laughing they repeat my languid lays
Nymphs of thy native clime, perhaps—they cry,
For whom thou hast a tongue, may feel thy praise;
But we must understand ere we comply!

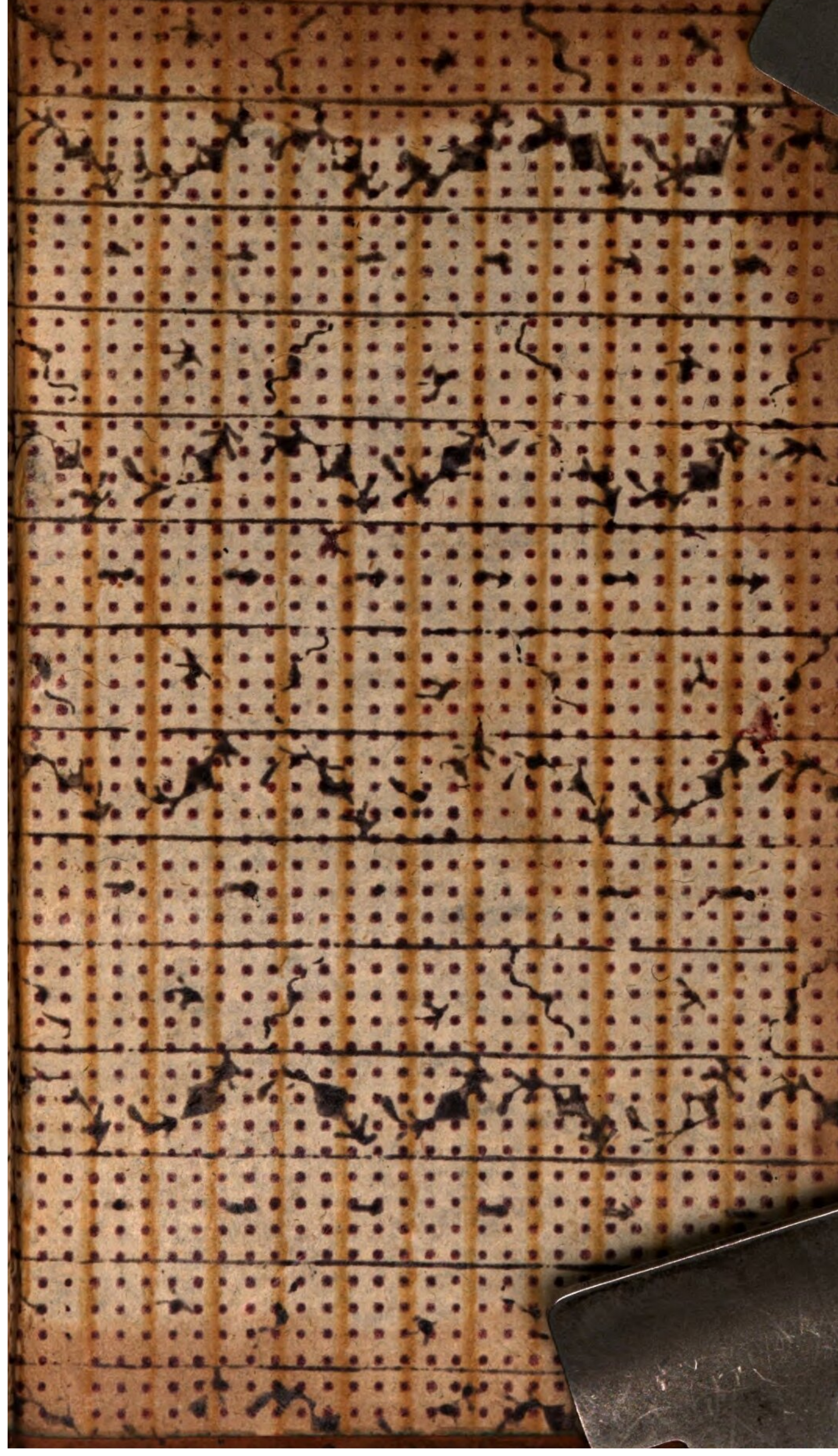
Do thou, my soul's soft hope, these triflers awe!
Tell them, 'tis nothing, how, or what, I write;
Since love from silent looks can language draw,
And scorns the lame impertinence of wit.

THE END OF MILTON'S POEMS.















Milton, John, 1608-1674

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